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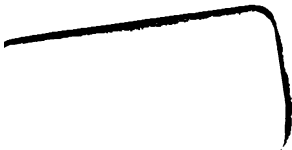
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MEMORIES OF
ETON AND KING'S



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MEMORIES
OF
ETON AND KING'S

BY
W. C. GREEN

**RECTOR OF HEPWORTH: SOMETIME KING'S SCHOLAR AT ETON, AND FELLOW
OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE**

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MEMORIES

OF

ETON AND KING'S.

CHAPTER I.

1836-1843.

I DOUBT if any one now survives with a longer memory and knowledge of Eton than my own. Certainly there is no one likely to write records reaching further back. My memories are continuous from about 1836 to 1860: and after that date my visits to Eton have been pretty frequent up to the present time. To this add that I had earlier traditional knowledge from a father who was successively Eton boy, Eton Master, and Eton Fellow.

Eton was my birthplace: my father then lived in a house on the north side of Keate's Lane. But this house we had left before the end of 1833, when I was just a year old: it was shortly afterwards pulled down. And my first remembered home was in the Cloisters, at their north-east corner. Some of our windows

looked out over the Playing-fields ; but more commanded the Fellows' garden, and Fellows' Eyot, and the river Thames winding away towards Datchet on the left, with the Home Park beyond it, while Windsor Castle towered conspicuous on the right.

Some of the impressions and scenes that I can recall were no doubt a year or more before the late Queen's accession. But of Eton events, to which a date can be easily put, two funerals stand out. They were of persons memorable in the Eton world, of Provost Goodall, and of the Marquis Wellesley. The Provost's death took place when I was eight years old, the Marquis's some years later. His body lay in state in the Provost's Lodge ; this I remember well, as also the gathering and procession in the School-yard. But my memory reaches some way behind these events. For the death of Mr. Briggs, one of the Fellows, was earlier : it was by his death that Mr. Dupuis came into the Cloisters, and we moved from the corner house to the next one, a move that I well remember.

But it is not the great or public events that stamp themselves most on children's memories ; rather it is the trifling incidents of their own daily life. We had much of varied interest to look at from our windows. Windsor Castle was an important feature in the view ; we soon learnt that the waving flag on the Round Tower meant the presence of Royalty ; we noticed when the small storm-flag took the place of the large one. Opposite us in the Home Park there was often

something going on to attract us. Reviews were held there: on review days we gathered eager to one of our eastward windows, generally to the highest turret-window, as best commanding the scene. Thence we watched with delight the marching or running ranks, the flashing of blades, bayonets, gun-barrels, the rolling wreaths of smoke, and heard the rattle of musketry. In childish wise (unknowing of the poet) we felt something of what Lucretius has described:

'Tis sweet the mighty game of war upon the plain to see
By wide-embattled armies play'd, yourself from danger free.

To-day on this side of the College buildings the view is much altered. The South-western railway partly shuts out from sight the park; whereas then there was but a wall between the river and the park, which wall stood back a little way from the river (or Lock Cut), and between them ran the road from Windsor to Datchet. Nor were the river bridges then as now: there was no bridge between Windsor bridge and the old Datchet bridge. And this last was a structure of several arches, each rather narrow; a rowing boat could but just pass through without shipping or shortening oars. I well remember steering a four-oar through but with scant room to spare. This was in my school-days: the changes in this part of the river due to the railway came (I think) shortly after I left school.

One of my earliest recollections of the Thames is its floods. They must have been a great discomfort to our elders, but to us children they were rather a

delight. We heard of the troubles caused, of cellars flooded, of punts needed for transit over what should be dry land; but, as these inconveniences did not touch us, we rejoiced in the watery waste. We used to watch the rise of the waters, which we could gauge by the woodwork of the Locks just opposite. Gradually the river widened, creeping over the Fellows' Eyot nearer and nearer: then the water would soak through and enter the College garden. A slight rise in the ground and a low wall under the iron railings between the garden and the eyot prevented it from pouring in. I have seen the whole of the flower-garden covered right up to the steps of our house. The stream was considerable, even some way outside the river-bed; the waters fell as rapidly as they rose. Probably this strong stream was a safeguard against stagnation and malaria from these floods, evils from which Eton did not greatly suffer, though some people supposed that it must do so. I remember hearing from my mother that the great Humboldt on a visit to Eton said in her hearing that the swiftness of the Thames' stream no doubt saved Eton from such evil consequences of inundation. Some thought that the floods at Eton would not be so high after the making of the South-western railway and the new bridges. Whether on the average they have been lower I do not know: but there was a very high flood two years after I left Eton School, called sometimes the Wellington flood, as being not long after the Great Duke's death. And long after that, indeed not so

very many years ago, there was a flood that exceeded considerably any flood of my childhood : of this I can be certain, for my sister living in Windsor could compare that flood with those of our early days. Some incidents of this deluge were amusingly versified by an Eton master (A. James) in *Deucalionea*.

We young folk of the Cloisters took from the floods (I believe) our ideas of the Noachian Deluge : and, for myself, from this frequent sight of an inland sea I am sure I far better appreciated the descriptions of Deucalion's flood, when I came to read them in my Ovid : as also that inundation of the yellow Tiber which recalled to Horace the wonders of Pyrrha's age :

When whale and porpoise sought the hills,
When fishes hung in trees,
Doves' wonted home, while frightened deer
Swam o'er unwonted seas.

Indeed the floods at Eton were a very old trouble. Sir Henry Wotton, when Provost, writes of them in February 1632 to his nephew Sir Edmund Bacon : "We were for three weeks together so besieged at Eton, first with an overflow of waters from the West, and then with a deep snow out of the East (contrary quarters conspiring against us) that our ordinary boats, which usually go and return twice a week, could not pass under the bridges." But let me return to my own time, and "sweet Thames flowing softly." Barges passed frequently up and down ; just opposite our College houses was the Lock Cut beyond the natural stream that flowed down from the Windsor

weir. Now and again would pass a small steamer : this was a rare novelty, and a great excitement to us. The lock-keeper of that day, one Tull, had a stentorian voice, which in still weather could be heard even to our house, as he shouted to his helper or to the bargee, or (as one of my schoolfellows insists) scolded his wife. But for this last treatment of Tullia—if I may so call her—I will not vouch.

Of the Masters' weir—as the Windsor weir was commonly called by Etonians—I have one very early bathing reminiscence. My Uncle Frederick, my father's younger brother, a very good swimmer, when staying with us used to bathe here in the mornings. He offered to take one of us three boys and give us a dip. For some promised reward of sugar-plums I consented to go. On the way thither I was rather in a fright (a "funk" would be the Eton word); and, when my uncle plunged in with me, the gurgling of the waters around was anything but pleasant. However I did not scream or do anything to betray myself; and on my return I kept my own counsel, and received the promised reward, and earned credit for courage. I cannot have been above four years old at that time. For good swimmers this weir was a favourite bathing-place, but somewhat dangerous from undercurrents. Eton boys were not allowed to bathe there: the Boveney weir above the "Rushes" was open to the upper boys, if passed swimmers; and many an enjoyable bathe had I there.

Besides the eastward view of the river and what

lay beyond, there was a northward look over the Playing-fields from some of the windows of our corner house. This was commanded by the room then used as our nursery, and several very early recollections are associated with it. We saw cricket and other games going on here. And one very noteworthy sight I remember. The hunted stag came into the Playing-fields, ran into Sixpenny corner (the angle between the Slough road wall and the wall of Ward's garden), and there turned to bay, the whole hunt coming up, and there he was taken. The remembrance of the scene came back to me vividly eighteen years ago, when I was staying with my friend the then Lower Master, in this same old house of ours, and slept in this very room.

With the royal stag-hounds so near, one often saw or heard something of the hunt, and of the deer's exploits. Of Thames, as of Teith in the *Lady of the Lake*, it might be not unfrequently said that "from shore to shore the gallant stag swam stoutly o'er." Once the quarry came into Windsor, ran up the Hundred Steps from the foot of Windsor hill to the Cloisters by St. George's Chapel, where, finding an open door, he entered and penetrated into the drawing-room of one of the Canons, to wit the well-known Dr. Keate. Whether he was caught there or after leaving the house, I forget; but the account of this cervine freak was no doubt told us soon after the event; which could not have happened before 1834, the year of Keate's resignation of the Headmastership.

And now, having climbed as it were to Windsor's castled height in such strange company, I may say a little about the Castle precincts. With these we became familiar at an early age; had plenty of opportunities of seeing Royalty itself: but perhaps on that very ground did not appreciate them sufficiently. At all events later, as an Eton boy, I seldom went to the Terrace. Gloves, I remember, had to be worn there, and about only there.

To the Eton College buildings and the Playing-fields sixty years have brought changes. The main natural features of the landscape are there still: sweet Thames flows on little changed, save by variations of more or less willow-growth on his banks. "The Willow," which stood just below where the stream under Sheep's bridge flows in, has long disappeared: "the Oak," however, a little further down, still stands. There has been much loss in the course of years among the magnificent elms, but young trees are rising to take the place of the old. I have a remembrance of a large tree in the Fellows' Eyot, at the upper corner opposite the Locks, where a little back stream joined the river: it was felled or blown down when I was a child, much of the wood was decayed. A large flat stump long remained, forming a convenient seat or table for any angler who might be trying his luck thereabouts.

During my early days there was near the willow above mentioned a coal-wharf; also a dwelling house hard by, in which lived a Major Brine and his

numerous family. Several of his sons were Eton boys and Collegers, but these were senior to myself and even to my elder brother. The Christian names of several I remember. Only one became a scholar and a Fellow of King's. I met him long afterwards at King's in the late sixties. He had travelled in many countries, was considered very eccentric, and was seldom at Cambridge; but he retained (I believe) his King's Fellowship to his death. Both the wharf and Major Brine's house vanished, I should think at about the time when I entered the School. The Brines then went and lived up Windsor.

The nearness of the Thames might well have stirred us to be anglers: but it was in a very humble way that we were so then. We fished about the Fellows' Eyot with minnow-net and rod and line, but with scant skill and success. Yet fish there were in abundance, chub under the willows, barbel in Newick's hole at the lower corner, pike often visible among the weeds of Perch hole, and shoals of bleak, dace, perch and gudgeon. A large trout usually had his headquarters near the lower corner, where he might be seen feeding or sporting on summer evenings. One monster trout I remember seeing brought in and shown to my father; it had been netted somewhere in the College waters, and weighed sixteen pounds. Mr. Batcheldor, the College lawyer, was an expert angler; he then occupied the house at Black Potts. One day we saw him take many large chub with the artificial fly; he was fishing from the shingly islet

opposite the corner of the eyot. That was our first introduction to scientific fly-fishing: which however I did not pursue far as a boy, though afterwards it became my favourite recreation. Whipping for bleak with a small black gnat was practised by some of our elders: I have seen Mr. Dupuis, one of the Fellows, angling thus. Izaak Walton mentions this kind of fly-fishing: "There is no better sport than whipping for bleaks in a summer's evening with a hazel top about five or six foot long, and a line twice the length of the rod." Izaak did not (I think) use the fly himself: his older friend Provost Wotton undoubtedly did; who speaks of enjoying Walton's "pleasant company at Eton "in the approaching season of the fly and the cork." In which season Wotton wrote this stanza:

The jealous trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly:
There stood my friend, with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill.

It is supposed by some that Black Potts was where Wotton and Walton met and angled. Likely enough: but I do not remember that this was said in my boyish days; nor do I know whether it rests on documentary evidence. Mr. Batcheldor used every Summer Half to entertain some upper boys at a sumptuous fish breakfast at Black Potts.

Connected with the same corner of the Fellows' Eyot I have one memory of quite a different kind about a "fisher of men." When nearly eight years old, I went with my father to this grassy point, when

he and several others bade adieu to Bishop Selwyn, just before he started for New Zealand. He parted from them there and crossed the river in a punt. At least my impression is that the Fellows of the College accompanied him to this (small) ship, and bade him farewell then and there: but I was too young to know or think much about it.

We moved house once in the Cloisters, from the corner house to the next one. This flitting was quite in my childhood (in 1838): Mr. Dupuis came into the house we vacated. I have a distinct recollection of a large musical party given by us conjointly with the Dupuis's, our neighbours, soon after Dupuis' election as Fellow. It is curious how well I can recall that evening, the performers (or some of them) and even particular pieces of music. My mother was a good pianist, so was a cousin that was often with us, my mother's younger sister played the harp well, Mr. C. Wilder (my godfather) played the violoncello: these often played together.

The College garden, to the east of the Cloister buildings, was naturally a playground for the young folk belonging to the Fellows. We and our next-door neighbours made up eight, a nephew of J. Wilder's at the other end of the building was also of our company. Some years ago I and a daughter of our nearest neighbour's met in that very house where my father and hers had successively lived; and we amused some of the younger generation with reminiscences of the pranks which we had played in those

prim precincts nearly fifty years before. To some of our sports our elders raised objections, to cricket for instance. But they could not always be on the look out, and when the watch relaxed, up went our wickets, formed usually of hats. Flower borders were thought by gardeners not properly used for practice of wide-jumping; but there were some just of a tempting width, and over these we delighted to fly. A moderate pillaging of vulgar gooseberries and currants was winked at; windfalls of pears and apples were not objected to. But certain wall fruits were sacred; and at the end of July the gardener was reserving his fruit to grace the College board at the Election dinners: he then tried, poor man, to limit us. We used to snatch our fleeting joy with a careful eye on the white door in the wall through which he entered. There was a double wall, and two doors with a passage between them; the click of the first being opened we could generally hear and skip back off the fruit ground before he appeared at the second. Not only had the gardener to be eluded; but also one of the Fellows (father of half the depredating band) was often at his study window, and he could and did check us with more authority both in the matter of fruit and games. I doubt if later years have seen such frolics in the College garden. To one of my playmates (since passed from among us), her whom I mentioned above, I addressed some lines in 1898, reminding her of these sports of other days, and asking help towards the rebuilding of my church.

They were successful in their aim : and I insert them, as they will give an idea of our doings in that past age.

Dear Julia ; for I still shall claim
To call you by your Christian name,
In memory of our early plays
Under the "light of other days" :
Our childish romps and sports, our cricket,
When three piled hats composed the wicket,
Wherewith we venturesome profaned
The College-garden lawn, restrained
Now and again, when voice severe
Rebuked us from a window near :
Your father or some other Don :
Scared fled we, to return anon.
Fruit-robbers we, with ear and eye
Alert would Turner's coming spy ;
For of those double doors the first
Would creak, and quick the thieves dispersed,
Left gooseberries and currants till
A better chance to eat their fill.
We Greens, and p'r'aps Dupuis also,
To that back garden pump would go,
There mess about, vex elders' mind
By spoiling clothes, and pastime find.

And I might speak of later joys
Snatched by maturer girls and boys.
We boated, picnick'd, and were gay,
By Maidenhead, Cookham, Cliefden, Bray
Drew heroes for the Tent-match score,
And risk'd our bobs to make them more.
And haply some found recreation
In an incipient flirtation.

But why my tongue thus let I run
At large on frolic and on fun,
Reminded by your name baptismal ?
When after all my theme is dismal.
I'm moved to write by conflagration,
Ecclesiastic devastation.

Memories of

Alas! for fortune's cruel scorn!
 We twain by Father Thames were born;
 Yet never felt the least desire
 To set that ancient flood on fire.
 Now look, how both by Fate's decree
 Two Suffolk fires have lived to see:
 You a burnt Rectory at Creeting,
 I Hepworth Church, like doom repeating.
 But as the story stands recorded
 In print and prose correctly worded,
 I'll stay my Muse. A parson poor
 His wasted Chancel would restore.
 Who aid such building to refix
 May justly be accounted *bricks*.

Eton to Eton, friend to friend,
 Cloisters to Cloisters this I send.
 So be a trump, help win the trick,
 Mindful of George, Meg, Addy, Dick,
 And him whose signature is seen,
 Your whilom playmate,

WILLIE GREEN.

There was at one corner of the garden a board stating that man-traps and spring-guns were set there: but, though an alarming notice at first, it soon became no terror; we got to know that no such thing was there now, nor had been, I daresay for many years. A specimen of the old man-trap I have seen quite lately, in the possession of a neighbour here in Suffolk, a gruesome looking engine.

The garden was an entomological hunting ground for my brothers and myself: especially in the evening for moths among the ivy mantled walls and stone work. The old mulberry tree bore plenteous fruit, and about the fallen mulberries in the latter end of summer Red Admiral butterflies were plentiful. This

old tree (said to be coeval with the College) supplied leaves to silkworm-keepers, which we became, with such an advantage, and were much petitioned for leaves by outsiders.

As sons of an Etonian, we three boys were meant to be Eton boys in time: two of us became so, but the youngest entered the Royal Navy. All our early teaching was at home: my father took all our classical instruction. There were very few preparatory schools then; and none were needed or thought of for us with our home advantages. We began our learning very early: but, as it was not hurried, we never felt it to be hard, nor were we at all unnaturally forced or hot-house plants. That Latin Grammar was begun by me early, I have an existing proof in an Eton Latin Accidence given me on my fifth birthday in 1837: and I had learnt some Latin declensions before that. One is often asked at what age Latin, Greek, or any foreign language should be begun. There can be no general answer given: so much depends upon the teacher, the taught, and many circumstances. It is the fashion now to defer all regular teaching to a much later age than was usual once. Things can thus be learnt more quickly and intelligently, it is argued. Perhaps so: but the "quickly" is a questionable advantage. For slow growth is often better growth. And things that are matters of memory (e.g. Latin declensions) can be learnt easily by a mere child. And if so learnt *at home without hurry*, will stick by him more lastingly than if learnt later by more rapid methods. However

in these days of steam, electricity, and multiplicity of things to be learnt, and increased demands upon the time of all, quiet and leisurely teaching is no more likely to come in again than slow travelling: *occupet extremos scabies! . . . turpe relinqui est.* I only record what was done seventy years since: the results were not so bad.

Go we back to facts and memories. My elder brother and I began to be Eton boys in much before we actually entered the School. My father having been a Master, we got to know many of the boys. Former pupils of his often came to our house. The head boys of the Eton List were familiar names. I could readily reel off Thring, Yonge, Blacker, Monck in 1841: and indeed earlier names than these. Great heroes in our eyes were some. And when my brother (in 1839) entered the School, I soon came to know his school friends, and to go in company sometimes with him and them. Their jumping expeditions for instance I used to share. The Eton neighbourhood abounds in brooks, Chalvey, Colenorton, Upton black ditches and others, supplying jumps various, suited to all powers. Cricket too I began in the Playing-fields in a small private sort of Club started by a friend of my brother's. This was an advance on the College-garden cricket in which our sisters had shared. We played on an unappropriated triangle of ground between the path from Weston's Yard to Sheep's Bridge and the carriage road. This path, by the by, has long been abolished; a great improvement, giving more space.

Sixpenny, Aquatics, Lower College were then the regular clubs occupying the space from the Wall to the road: but there were unappropriated bits used mostly by the small fry.

We were fond of Natural History, my elder brother especially so. I used to go butterfly-hunting with him and one or two of his friends. Queen Anne's spring was for this a favourite resort. One of the junior Eton Masters (Wolley) discovered Marbled Whites near the Statue at the end of the Long Walk. He told my brother about them; and A. D. Coleridge records how he went up to the Statue with my brother and found these butterflies there. I however was not of that party; and the only place where I remember seeing this beautiful insect on the wing was near Kreuznach in the Nahethal, one Rugby holidays in 1871 or thereabouts. And this was on ground not unlike that near the Statue in the Park. In regard of which I have learnt of late years that the Windsor tradesmen call it the Copper 'Orse—an abomination utterly unknown to us of old time. No thought is there now of the man, of the king!

Studious of birds were we as well as of insects. Pets manifold did we acquire: some, purchased at Eton, were transferred to our Northamptonshire home.

In my ante-school days, when at Eton, I was in the Cloisters, and of course knew well by sight the College dignitaries. With some we were very intimate. Of Provost Goodall I do not retain a strong personal recollection: with the existing portraits of him I am

familiar, and possess an engraving of one. At the sale of his books (in 1840) my father bought Donovan's birds, a book about rare foreign birds with beautiful coloured illustrations: this is now in my brother's possession. Also he bought a French "Histoire Naturelle des Rainettes, etc.," by F. M. Daudin: and this has passed to me. On its title page is "An XI," a suggestive date showing the book to have come out while France had supplanted *Anno Domini* by a new origin of years. 1803 is shown to be the date of this book by a note of Dr. Goodall's on the first blank page. In a beautiful clear print-like writing are some particulars about Daudin and his other works. This Frog-book, as we called it, has good coloured illustrations, "*peintes d'après nature.*" The frogs are mostly those of distant countries.

There was much talk of Dr. Goodall among the Cloister people: I often heard him described. He was fond of his game of whist (or perhaps quadrille) in the evening. Once at a party in some Fellow's house (newly elected perhaps) the hostess, not liking cards, had no card-tables set out, wishing—like Mrs. Proudie in her episcopal *soirée* at Barchester—to inaugurate a new serious era and raise the tone of College evening parties. But this greatly ruffled the old Provost, who, robbed of his game, was in no good temper, and "went banging up and down the room," as Mrs. Grover described it in my hearing. This lady was very amusing; she for many years survived her husband, whom I remember well in my

early days. But of Mrs. Grover, besides this story of Goodall's impatience, I heard other stories from my mother. Mrs. Grover always spoke of her husband as "the best of men." He married her (I think) when already Fellow of Eton. In the courtship he was rather slow in coming to the point. The pair used to walk together in the College garden: one day, after some perambulations and nothing said, the young lady determined to bring matters to an issue. "So" (as she used to describe it) "I took him one turn more round the garden, my dear, and that settled the business."

I remember the death of a Fellow named Briggs (1838): there was an Etonian of this name who discovered and gave to the College Library in 1818 a copy of "Ralph Roister Doister," one of the earliest known English plays, and supposed to have been written by Udall, Head Master in 1534. But whether this Briggs was identical with the Fellow I am not sure.

A well-known figure in the Cloisters was Mr. Carter, who when a Master had been my father's Tutor. He was a fine-looking old man, very vigorous for his years till long past eighty; he lived to be ninety-three or thereabouts: one son, T. T. Carter, lived to an age not far short of that, W. A. Carter, my Tutor, died in a good old age not very long after his one brother, and a sister, Mrs. Balston, is still living, several years past ninety.

One of the older Fellows, Mr. Plumptre, had married a sister of old Mr. Carter: but she died long

before my time. Of Plumptre more stories (I should think) have been told than of any other Master or Fellow: he has also been frequently drawn in caricature. But these tales, told *pour rire* about the older men by boys from their boyish ideas and recollections, need a corrective. They do not give a fair impression, if nothing else is said about those of whom they are told. It would be a mistake to suppose Plumptre nothing but ridiculous. He had been an efficient, but very strict Master. And from twenty years' personal knowledge of him I assert that he was delightful as an old gentleman. He was small of stature, bright of eye, alert in manner, courtly, kind-hearted, witty. No doubt he was over Protestant in some things, alarmed by the Oxford movement, apprehensive of Rome in ritual practices, to which some of his neighbours were inclined. But compared with some of later days he would appear quite High Church. His talk was most amusing and original. He was very intimate with our family: and in my later visits to Eton I always dropped in to see him, and many a pleasant chat did I enjoy with him till within a short time of his death. I know several of the tales about him, and have told one elsewhere, but shall repeat none here.

To Provost Goodall succeeded Provost Hodgson some three years before I entered the School; but I need not say much of him; not from any wish to slight him, whom I greatly respected, but because Maxwell Lyte has written fully of his good deeds, and his Life and Letters have been edited by his

son. He often invited boys to breakfast with him ; and he used to tell us that the flowers on the Eton arms were termed somewhere *lucidi scientiarum flores*. And from the plural " sciences " he inferred that both Classics and Mathematics ought to be studied. But the latter were but a luxury up to my leaving Eton in 1851.

The two Fellows immediately junior to my father, Dupuis and Wilder, were both elected Fellows in my childhood. They were both active in bringing about improvements in the diet of the Collegers. Wilder was a most generous benefactor to the School in many ways. He lived to a great age, beyond our late Queen's first Jubilee. An elder brother of his, Charles Wilder, was an Assistant Master : he died at Eton, comparatively young, from a fever caught abroad. A. D. Coleridge has made a mistake (p. 174) in attributing an absurdity to Plumptre in a sermon, supposing that when he spoke of C. Wilder being buried "by his own Jordan" he meant a brook Sul (non-existent I fancy). Purley Hall and Sulham, the Wilders' property, are close to the Thames : and of course that river was meant.

There was a family then living at Willowbrook, with whom we were very intimate, the Harpers. Mr. Harper was then Conduct at Eton : he afterwards became Rector of Mortimer, then Bishop of Christchurch and Primate of New Zealand : his eldest son was throughout boyhood and is still one of my dearest friends.

Some of the old College dignitaries retained, I remember, old fashions in dress. For instance, knee-breeches, buckles and shoes were kept to by a few. Coats and hats were also corresponding. Collars were worn, very high collars by some, and voluminous folds of neck-cloth. Frilled shirt-fronts characterized a few, spotless and fine: Plumtre I remember especially as frilled, Bethell as knee-breeched. Among the ladies also no doubt the costumes were widely different from those of to-day; but the variations in their fashions in nearly seventy years have been legion, and defy masculine memory and description. One method of visiting among the Cloister ladies was a survival from old times. A sedan chair took them to their evening parties. Within the Cloisters visiting could be done under shelter and with perfect dryness underfoot; for it went on by the doors in the "Gallery," as we then always called what I hear now termed the "Corridor."

While on the subject of the old authorities of Eton, I must enter a protest against the way in which they have sometimes been spoken of. Such words as "useless, superannuated, ineffective, ridiculous" are applied to them. No doubt changes which have come were needed and right enough. Let those who view such results say, "These things are better done now": but it is not fair to say (as some in effect do), "It is scandalous that they were not better done then; those who lived then ought to have seen this and done them better." Bows and arrows are now "useless and

superannuated" compared with Maxims, Mausers and the like. But who blames the old English for using them at Crécy?

The company of Provost and Fellows of Eton were not such ancient fogies as even the kindly writer of *Eton in the Forties* would lead his readers to suppose: many of them were elected when little (if at all) above forty years old. I knew them well from my childhood upwards: to some extent of course I am prejudiced in favour of friends and contemporaries of my father. But some prejudice based on knowledge is at least as good as unprejudiced opinion based on little knowledge and on mere schoolboy talk and recollection. My knowledge of the Cloisters and Cloister folk for more than a score of years reached up to a time when I could judge fairly. And I have had time and opportunities of reflecting on what I saw and knew in early days, and of comparing this Eton Cloister company with others in like positions. I affirm that the Provost and Fellows were scholars, gentlemen, lovers of Eton; that they conscientiously acted up to what in their time was thought right. What they were they were, not what men are now: 1840 was not 1890 and onwards.

The old Cloister *régime* lasted on through my schooldays and beyond. I entered on the dignity of an Eton boy when not quite eleven years old; my school memories shall be told in another chapter.

CHAPTER II.

1843-1860.

I ENTERED Eton after Election 1843: which means that I actually began my schooling after the summer holidays, about the middle of September. Eton was my only school: indeed there existed then very few preparatory schools; and therefore boys went to public schools younger, and were in them longer. Though there were obvious disadvantages in this early launching of children (one may say) upon the waves of a large school, yet, by spending a longer time at our school, we became more imbued with its traditions than is now possible in the four years or so average duration of a boy's public school life. The real questions underlying the query, "When should a boy go to a public school?" are these: "Are public schools good for boys?" "Is the tradition and tone of this particular one good?" Those who agree with the poet Cowper (who condemned public schools altogether) must answer: "The later the age at which a boy is sent, the better." Those who disagree with him will not quite say, "The earlier the better"; but

will yet judge that it is as possible to begin public school life too late as too early. And much depends on the individual boy and the home from which he comes.

I entered Eton when not turned eleven. I had been well prepared by my father, took a good place for age, and had excellent advice and help all the time I was at school. No doubt this saved me from many difficulties and temptations, and might have led me as a boy to underestimate evils from which I myself was exceptionally protected. Yet one possessing these advantages, who afterwards has much experience of schools and teaching, is not to be set down as an unfair or incompetent judge of his schools and school-masters. Those who, from whatever cause, learnt much of their masters, and therefore think well of them, have as good a claim to be heard as those who profited less. The latter may to many readers be the more gossipy and amusing; but I doubt their being more veracious, impartial, or instructive. I say this, because the tone of many who have written about Eton appears to me too fault-finding: they pronounce things foolishly and wilfully mismanaged because not so managed as they would be now some fifty years later; sometimes too they blame College and school authorities for a poor result due in much to themselves.

My eight years at school brought me under many masters. I repeat after eighteen years what I have written before, that "whereas outsiders might from some accounts infer that our masters were unenlightened,

indolent, and self-seeking, they were as intelligent, hard-working and conscientious as any body of masters in the present day."

My Form-masters were eleven. Some of course impressed me more than others; but there was not one whom I did not respect, not one in whom I do not recollect traits of kindness, carefulness, helpfulness to those under him. Of these eleven not one is now living, but two were living up to three years ago and one for about a year longer. My sketch of "Eton Masters fifty years ago" is reprinted in my friend A. D. C.'s work (1898), about twelve years after it was written. I will not in full words and details repeat that; but, as reference to another book is troublesome, I shall venture to repeat some of its substance.

I entered in the Fourth Form. Those were the days of Farnaby and Æsop. I cannot now pronounce "Farnaby" to have been altogether a well-chosen work for beginners in Greek: for the dialectical difficulties and varieties in such an Anthology were beyond us. Yet on the whole I do not regret Farnaby. Many of the epigrams are very beautiful; and I might never have come across them otherwise. I suppose also that it conveniently lent itself to short lessons for Greeklings, as did Æsop. Well do I remember my first lesson, "up to" my first master, J. E. Yonge. He taught in a ground floor room, towards the north-west corner of the School-yard, under the colonnade. That morning lesson was a saying by heart of Greek grammar. He and I got on well together: it was humble work that

he did with us, but he did it well. He was a small man, with a lively manner: we often met in after days at Eton; and, when he retired from his mastership, he held a living in Norfolk, not very far away from my Suffolk home, and died there subsequently to my coming here. His scholarship he proved by some classical editions of considerable merit. I was not under him long as a boy: my first "Trials" showed me to be fit for a higher place in the Fourth Form. Indeed I was pronounced fit for Remove: but it was suddenly discovered that I was too young. So I remained in the Fourth, under E. Balston.

We all liked him much: he was an excellent disciplinarian, but just. Alert and vigilant he was: I remember but one instance of his being absent in mind. I was saying my few lines of Ovid to him, when some note or paper was brought to him which took his attention. I said through the whole twenty lines, and was beginning again, when the same lines recurring (I suppose) roused him from his reverie, and he pronounced the usual "Go." Afterwards he said something kind to my father about my good memory. Balston was an excellent scholar, a handsome man and dignified. He afterwards became Head Master at a time when there was a general clamour for changes. If he refused then to advance as fast and as far as some wished, he at all events gained credit for straightforward honesty during his five years' tenure of the Headmastership, and ruled firmly with justice and courtesy. I stayed in his house for a week in 1864

when examining for the Newcastle Scholarship. No more pleasant host could have been found. My colleague was Edwin Palmer, of Oxford: the scholar elected by us the present Judge Kennedy.

The Remove, to which I next rose, then contained two divisions. The characteristic of this was Geography. What Eton boy does not remember "Description, Map-morning"? and possibly with hate, or certainly no liking in many cases. I cannot say I liked the geography; and yet I think I did get dinned into me a fairly lasting knowledge of what Mrs. Malaprop called the contagious countries. For map-drawing I had no special turn, whereas my elder brother had, being good with pencil and colours. Many an "exemption" did he earn by beautiful maps. An "exemption" (I may explain for outsiders) was a scrap of paper signed by the master which might be presented in lieu of the next "pœna" (within certain limits). So it was a kind of "Indulgence"; and implied a work of supererogation in the thing that earned it: but I do not think that any zealous Protestant ever objected to it as Popish. Our Geography book was Arrowsmith: with an Atlas and Index to correspond. I am not aware whether it is a fact remembered or known to any Etonians now living; but Pomponius Mela's treatise *de situ orbis* was the school Geography at Eton till far into the twenties. I possess an edition of that work (second edition) printed at Eton by E. Williams in 1820. It belonged to my father's youngest brother, whose name is written in it. He had used it as a school book; marks and

scribblings prove this. This edition of Mela was by *Joannes Reinoldius*, Master of Exeter School, and Fellow of Eton College. It contains very curious maps, made no doubt for this edition. Arrowsmith's books, which I still have, bear dates 1828, 1831. Which all seems to show that Arrowsmith supplanted Mela late in the twenties. Although the Latin writer is antiquated as geography, he is most curious and interesting. Far more so in parts than Arrowsmith, whose descriptions of dry land are of the driest. Mela's tales about Troglodytes and the like must have amused boys: only in a Latin original their geography lessons must have been inconveniently short.

In Remove I was first under F. Durnford, then under W. A. Carter. The first was especially imitable in voice and manner, and therefore often imitated. We who were under him shall always remember him by his geography lessons: we shall not forget his feeling appeals to us, in wonder that we could have reached his division: "Miserable boys! where have you crept from?" Our dulness and bad memories no doubt tried him. Certain modern names he would roll out with gusto. "What is the modern name of Troy?" A silence. "Bunar-bashi." But Schliemann and Co. have changed all that. "Ramadan Oglu, Kissovo" came out resoundingly for I don't remember what. Once, on revisiting Eton, I and a fellow scholar of King's stole up to the open window of Durnford's class-room and listened for and heard the well-known tones and questions. But I mean no scorn of Durnford.

I liked him much, and (I believe) learnt much of him. He first "sent me up for good," as we termed it, for a copy of verses on *'Ακίδος ἐπέων ὕμνος*. It was done, I feel sure, with plenty of "sense" supplied by him. I have among some old papers the actual fair copy written by me : it must have been given to my father (I suppose) by the Head Master after the reading out. Dear old "Judy," as we used to call him. He became Fellow of Eton, and Rector of Creting in Suffolk ; but did not survive his retirement many years.

In Upper Remove I was under "my Tutor," W. A. Carter. Him I liked much, and so did all his pupils. My nearest neighbour now was also his pupil. He was a boy not particularly studious, an Oppidan, in the Boats, a zealous Wall football player. His opinion about what was thought of W. A. C. (who has had many severe critics) may be taken as a fair measure of boy judgment at that time ; he says that even by non-pupils he was not disliked, for, though strict, he was always just.

I was continually learning much from him during all my eight years at school. If he made us work hard, he also worked hard with us. As a Form Master he was terribly strict, and some boys of course did not like that : perhaps sometimes dullness without idleness got hard measure. But the Form Masters in those times were overweighted with too many boys, and could hardly find out the exact powers of each. Carter probably thought it juster and better on the whole to err on the side of severity. With his pupils

my Tutor was reasonable ; he would have work, but he knew what each could do. For promising boys he grudged no extra time and trouble. I deliberately state that he was not behind one single tutor of his time in helpful and careful teaching. We often saw him on the river : he was nearly always at the bathing-places when boys "passed" for swimming. In the summer he took his pupils on pleasant excursions up the river to Cliefden and thereabouts.

The next Division above Remove was the lowest part of Fifth Form : it was a sort of chrysalis stage between Remove and Fifth Form. The nickname for its members was "Liberty lower boys," unfagging and unfagged : the work was distinct both from the Fifth above and the Remove below. C. J. Abraham was master here : for whom I retained ever much love and respect. But, owing to illness, I was kept away from school for a whole Half of what should have been my time under him : of himself I will say more when I come to my life as a Colleger. Above Abraham's Division came the regular Fifth Form, into which we passed by "Trials" : these Trials being the next after the Trials into the Remove. And they were then the last Trials existing for the whole School. Into the subsequent divisions and removes we were promoted regularly, but without examination, to fill up (no doubt) the gaps caused by boys leaving the School. "Trials" by the way was our invariable name, not "Examinations." At our earliest Trials, I remember, we had a Paper of Rules given us. There stood the advice : "Remember,

a few good verses are worth much, many good verses are worth more, many bad verses are worth nothing."

The Fifth Form was a very large part of the School. I see that in 1847 it contained 407 boys. There were five different removes in it below the Head Master's (not counting Abraham's). In all these five masters' removes (and in the Head Master's in great part), we had our Greek and Latin construing lessons identical. Which in some ways was unadvisable. For a boy would be four years or more passing through all these Forms, and the quantity suitable for a boy of 13 is not enough for a boy of 18, let alone the quality. And yet there was a countervailing advantage, which may have been taken into account by those who so arranged the Fifth Form work. For to this arrangement one owed reading through during one's Eton schooldays *the whole* of certain masterpieces, Homer's *Iliad* e.g. I remember to this day the exact line at which I began my Homer in the lower division of the Fifth Form, and I overlapped it by a book or two before I left school. I always feel grateful for this, that I read the *Iliad* right through. And of course Virgil's *Aeneid* I read through much more than once. Extracts and snippets are too much the order of the present day.

C. O. Goodford, next above Abraham, was a careful scholar no doubt, and was reckoned a very good Tutor; but in his form-teaching he struck me as rather dull and unawakening in manner. He afterwards became Head Master, and then Provost, and filled both positions with credit.

H. Dupuis, the next master above Goodford, was generally liked: he used to impress upon us conciseness in our composition work. He was a master frequently seen on the river, and at the bathing-places. Next to him came E. Pickering, who to my brother and myself was very sympathetic in Natural History tastes: he gave us several specimens of stuffed British birds. I think perhaps that under these two or three masters I progressed less than under most others: but partly through my own fault. Being high in the School for my age my work was easy to me, and I was rather victimized by older and duller boys in my dame's house to help them in their work—especially Latin Verses. And this rather interfered with my own work. However it was perhaps not an unmixed disadvantage for me to be kept back a bit, and early initiated into the knowledge of how slow and unintelligent some minds can be.

But just about this time came my migration into College, and my rise into Cookesley's division: both awakening influences. Of Cookesley I repeat what I have said long ago, that I liked him much, and certainly learnt from him more than from any one form-master previously. I was long under him: for, as one rose in School, promotion became slower. I grant that he was very eccentric, so much so that boys nicknamed him 'Mad'; also at times even violent. But he was a very good and stimulating teacher for intelligent boys; he gave one new ideas and lights about languages and their mutual relations. He did not make his house a

success, and left Eton in consequence; but this does not alter my debt to him as a teacher and scholar. I cannot agree with A. D. Coleridge's estimate of him at all, who appears to have had an unlucky experience of him when in hot anger at a delinquent, deservedly, I daresay, and no doubt sincerely. Cookesley's judgment is as likely to have been right as the Sixth Form boy's.

My time under E. Coleridge was long: he came just below the Doctor. As form-master I did not rate him so highly as some have since done; who (shortly after his death) spoke of him as beyond all his colleagues. He was very much bent on enforcing his own views, very particular, not to say crotchety. I got on well under him, but never greatly liked him; nor do I now, on retrospect, think he was a very good teacher. But he had many distinguished pupils: he was a man widely known, a generous helper in many good works. I only demur to his over-zealous friends' praises of him as, in the forties, one among inferior colleagues, an "Abdiel faithful found among the faithless, faithful only he."

I now come to our Head, Dr. Hawtrey; who reigned through all my time and a year or two beyond. What I said of him in 1886 in the *Churchman* A. D. C. has reprinted. F. St. John Thackeray gives in his *Life of Hawtrey* reminiscences of him contributed by me. I ever had a high opinion of our dear old Doctor. That he was a courteous gentleman is beyond all question. Kind and generous he was; of this I had proofs, and so

had many. Some have rather disparaged his scholarship. I call him a good scholar, and careful in essentials. Intelligent and appreciative of his author's whole meaning and substance, in teaching he strove to impress this on learners. Some nowadays, who are careful and painful scholars, are perhaps apt to lose sight of this end, do not see the wood for the trees. We may honour both kinds: him who "gives us the doctrine of the enclitic and properly bases the particles," and yet not slight the more old-fashioned scholar.

Hawtreys teaching was stimulative and suggestive. Willing and intelligent boys gained much from him; learned to take wider views of things; heard illustrations from many a language and literature. There was not much driving of the laggards in his Division: his system was not the coercive, but the encouraging. I have no doubt that he wittingly gave up the forcing principle, judging that it did not become the Head Master of a great Public School to be like one of Pharaoh's task-masters. Hawtreys principle was to show a boy the interest and pleasure that might be got out of learning, not to stuff into the boy the most possible before the age of eighteen. *Educabat, informabat, non saginabat.*

Indeed the whole Eton system was this in a way; though it differed with different form-masters and tutors. Boys who obstinately would be idle could be so. That some coercion is necessary, especially in the lower parts of a school, no one doubts; but whether it is not overdone in some schools nowadays, is a

question. Boys (not to say Masters) are left with no leisure: it appears to be a maxim that (except for bodily exercise, which is too much idolized) no time must be left vacant. Yet character and development must be cramped by excessive slave-driving. However, in an age of steam, telegraph and culture, the pace is pressed, no untilled corner left for wild flowers and unforced fruit. And really schoolmasters have little choice in the matter, over them as masters are parents and people who love to have it so. What is to be the end thereof? For myself I never cease to bless my luck that I was born seventy-three years ago, and could enjoy both work and play.

But to return to Hawtrey. No doubt the weak point in his Division was the discipline. About which there are numberless stories: I shall not repeat any: quite enough will be remembered against him, to the oblivion of much in his favour. And Hawtrey had his peculiarities, and said things imitable and in a way ridiculous. But I hold to my opinion of him: I liked and respected him of old, I think the same of him still. Who does not remember where Thomas Newcome says "*Adsum*" when his name is called? We at Eton used to answer, Hawtrey as a boy must have answered, "Here, Sir." After an unselfish life, surely our Head may have humbly and hopefully answered his summons to the Great Master.

Such was my course of Form-Masters. There were extra Masters even then; but I had not much to do with them while at school. I have however a clear

and affectionate remembrance of two. Tarver was then French Master, a courtly looking old gentleman, in dress and manner one of the old *régime*. I learnt French of him when I was quite young, before I entered the School. He used to teach in a ground floor room on the north of the School-yard. One of his sons, Henry Tarver, was then helping him. Tarver had been very friendly with my father ever since he came to Eton; I think that at his outset in Eton my father had helped him in some ways. He took great pains with me, and in those early years I laid a good foundation in the French language. The old gentleman was very sorry when, on entering the School, I discontinued my lessons: for he predicted for me the Prince Consort's Prize, then lately established. But it was thought at home that I should be too much pressed with work, were French added to the regular lessons. The house of Tarver supplied several sons to Eton, who were some of them remarkably small and young specimens when they entered. Grandsons too have been there; and one of the sons (F. T.), who was some years my senior in College, long represented the name at Eton, as did Henry Tarver, who was teaching as quite a young man when I was no more than a child.

I took lessons during my last two school years of the German Master Schönerstedt; not however in German, but in Hebrew. Most pleasant he was, and most liberal to me of his time and trouble; he was an enthusiastic Hebraist. My sister learnt German of

him. He and his family were very musical ; he played the flute.

Nepotism is a *bête noire* nowadays ; you must not promote your own younger kin, hardly may you praise them. But of your older kin you may perhaps be allowed to speak well (though this too is distrustfully regarded). At any rate I shall shelter me under Horace's example, and, while owning my debt to my Eton Masters, not forget or cloke the great advantages with which I started in my father's teaching. He certainly laid the foundations of whatever success I achieved in scholarship at Eton and Cambridge. I never knew a better teacher. And a favourite pupil of his, whom I used to meet in after years, after his return from Ceylon, Sir Edward Creasy, spoke of him to me as decidedly the best tutor of his time at Eton, not only for actual teaching, but for friendly interest and sympathy with his boys. Several Newcastle Scholars were his pupils, Creasy, Wickens, and one or two more. A thorough good scholar of the older type, he throughout life enjoyed his classical lore.

Such are my memories of Masters, and work with them, through eight years. The *curriculum* of Eton has no doubt changed much in sixty years. Then the teaching was almost exclusively classical ; now it comprises I dare not define what. Our old style of education was voted narrow. Yet I do not think we were turned out such a poor lot as our grandsons may believe. Much was learnt by the way that did not come into our books. Many of us, having leisure, did

not misuse it all. Probably our homes then gave us more teaching : it was not so often thought by parents that schoolmasters and schoolbooks were to do all. Which—I speak from fourteen years' experience as a public school master—is an idea but too frequent with the parent in this hurrying money-making age. And certainly the fewer things formerly taught could be more thoroughly learnt, and were so by more boys than some would think ; nor was the result some years later less good (or likely to be less good) than that coming from a more manifold instruction at the outset. It must be remembered that, multiply subjects and studies as you may, you cannot make the vessel of a boy's brain "carry more than it can bear."

But, since "all work and no play" (as we know) produces no good, how did we play at Eton threescore years ago? I might rank me in summer as a "dry-bob": that is, I cricketed more than I boated. But A. D. Coleridge has done full justice to the glories of cricket, himself one of the Eleven: I attained not to anything near it. Sixpenny and Lower College were my limits: to the latter I was constant through all my Colleger days, playing now and then in Upper Club, and enjoying *al fresco* tea in Poets' Walk and exemption from "Absence" during my last summer. Cricket practice in the after-sixes on the Lower College ground I constantly enjoyed. In this A. C. Lyall was a frequent comrade of mine: we played single-wicket matches with varying but balanced success. He also combined with me in another amusement. He found

out that I was a good runner, and got up foot races between me and others, generally for 100 yards. He backed me, and I used generally to give some start, sometimes as much as ten yards; and mostly won his stake for him, which was not much (if anything): I remember that I only ran for fun and honour. We determined these events at some quiet time, before breakfast usually, in the Playing Fields.

But I did not altogether forswear the river: one summer I joined a Colleger friend in a "chance" boat. And longer river expeditions one had with leave; with my Tutor e.g., and with our next neighbours the Dupuis's, who joined us in such outings.

On Election Monday we Collegers got a longer time than usual between the beginning of Speeches (which we younger boys did not stay to hear) and the later Hall dinner. On such days I made several expeditions. One or two down the river to the Bells of Ousely or beyond; one up to Monkey Island with Lyall. We did not take supplies that day, and were almost moneyless: and on our return were hungry and thirsty. But in Boveney Locks we came upon two former Collegers in a punt, who admiring our pluck and perseverance, regaled us nobly on bread and cheese and ginger-beer. One was Brocklebank, a well-known name to all King's men. The flavour's still fresh of that bright ginger-beer.

Autumn and winter brought other games. Football claimed the third Half of the year. The Wall game was supposed to be pre-eminently the Collegers' game; and

the match Collegers and Oppidans was played at the Wall on St. Andrew's Day, as it is still. Personally I always preferred the Field game. And when in later years I came to know the Rugby game, I still thought the Eton Field game the best of all. In my last football Half at Eton (1850), we had a very strong football Sixth Form in our Field game; and we eleven challenged the best twenty-two that could be picked in College and beat them decidedly. I used to quote this example at Rugby to show that boys might play and yet be good scholars. Out of that Colleger Sixth Form (eleven boys) came five first class Oxford and Cambridge men.

Fives prevailed during the first Half of the year. Of Eton Fives I was fond, and continued it at Cambridge, and at Rugby even up to middle age. Racquets did not exist at Eton before I left. Lesser games, as one may call them, come and go at public schools. Maxwell Lyte gives a list of many games played a century ago or more: some of their names and natures are now utterly unknown. My father used to describe to us an amusement in vogue during his boyhood called "The devil on two sticks." It was played with a sort of double cone (the connection at the apexes) made of wood: it was balanced, kept running, tossed up, and caught on a string attached to two sticks in the hands of the player. After a while this game was forbidden because of accidents in which boys were hurt. Twenty-two years ago in Wales at a small inn there met my eyes on the chimney-piece two such double cones, carefully made of hard wood, hollow. What

they were for the landlady knew not; they had been long in the family. I was sure at once that they were two surviving "devils" (he dies hard): each was about seven inches long.

But I ought to return to my own age and its pastimes. There was, about when I entered, a short craze for peg-tops among lower boys: sometimes "knucks" came in fashion; one of my cloister playmates was very skilful with them. Ridiculous whims came up. At my dame's I remember a mania for tossing up half-closed clasp knives to fall and stick into our table in various positions and count accordingly, to the detriment of the tables and the wrath of my dame. While I was in College, singlesticks were in vogue for some time, in our corridors in the evenings, our candles on the floor to light us to the fray. A circus once prompted some of us to imitate certain feats. One boy actually did turn a somerset (I heard) on the Sixth Form supper-table. I did not see it done; but he still lives, "to witness if I lie." A present archdeacon in New Zealand could leap like a quadruped, landing on his fore-feet, i.e. on his hands. But our favourite jumping was brook-jumping—indeed, we sometimes called the first Half of the year the "jumping" Half. There were paper-chases for the various houses, and for College; also a School Steeplechase. But athletics and games of all kinds were far less organised in those days. Our jumping parties were mostly of private enterprise. Friends more or less of the same age and powers went out together, perhaps five or six. The

boldest would choose the jumps and lead, then it was a point of honour to follow, not to be "stuck up," as the phrase was. But I do not remember that there was any disagreeable or oppressive compulsion, though no doubt the weaker often got a wetting in the cause of glory.

In all games and the like at Eton in my time, there was less compulsion, and (as I think) more enjoyment. Some pressure no doubt was brought to bear on lazy loungers: but not much was needed: very few boys of my time wished to hold back from the School games. Certainly at Eton no positive School rule or Master's authority backed the club-keepers in enforcing games. We had indeed, even in my time, got beyond the age when Dr. Keate knew nothing of the boats' procession on the Fourth of June. Boating, cricket, etc. were encouraged by Head and other Masters: at tent matches these were interested spectators. But the boys were left to themselves in all arrangements of these things. And though rowing and cricket may be better with more professional coaching, I am not sure that the whole result to the boys is better: they learnt much by being left free to rule and regulate their little world. However, each generation must settle this in its own way. Besides games, some boys had special pursuits and hobbies. The less forcing system in work left us more leisure for things outside both regular work and play. My brother and I found leisure for Natural History, were butterfly hunters far and wide. Frequent visitors we were to Fisher's:

he was a bird-stuffer, and dealer in all manner of live things : his shop and back yard abounded in smells : it was a little way up Eton on the right-hand side. We had dealings too with "cads" at the Wall ; where purveyors of all manner of tempting wares, alive and dead, lay in wait for schoolboys' loose cash. Very likely Hawtrey was aware of my tastes when he gave me for a "sent-up" prize *Insects and their Habitations*. Lord Avebury (then Lubbock) I daresay began on ants at Eton.

My whole school life divides itself into two parts, about equal in length, my Oppidan time and Colleger time. While an Oppidan, if my father was in residence, I lived at home in the Cloisters : but during the greater part of the year, while he was at his living in Northamptonshire, I boarded at a dame's, Roberts's. In pleasure and profit I regard my Colleger life as the better part : to this belong my most interesting memories, in it I made my chief friends. Not but what there were boys at my dame's of whom I have pleasant recollections. With one I have now for many years renewed friendship ; for the whirligig of fate has made us close neighbours as country parsons after thirty-five years of never seeing each other. He was my tutor's pupil, which increases our stock of common memories.

One boy at my dame's, with whom I shared a room, has since won a noble reputation, Lord Roberts. Of him I have a pleasant recollection : but I had so lost sight of my early fellow-boarders, that I did not

realise that our hero of Kandahar was my former roommate, till my parson neighbour here in Suffolk told me so in 1884. Since then he has enhanced his Indian fame by service in Africa. I went over the old house (Roberts', De Rosen's, and others') when at Eton early in 1903, and found our old room. The house was in great part burnt down a few months afterwards.

My dame, Mrs. Roberts, I shall always remember as kind and pleasant. Her husband, a very small man, was a contrast to his portly or buxom spouse. We called him "Cock Robin": he did not take much part in the house-management. He was a good musician, sang well, and (I think) played some instrument. As to life at an Eton boarding house and in College, my impressions and recollections differ widely from those of A. D. Coleridge. Plainly the three years between us had made a difference, owing, I suppose, to the New Buildings. A. D. C. speaks of the Collegers as "about half their full number" and "less than forty, all told." The full number was seventy; and College was filled up to that number by 1847, when I was examined for entrance into College. Both then and onwards there were many candidates for few vacancies. It was the practice after examination to put twenty "on the Indenture"; some took their place in College immediately after the summer holidays, others came in as vacancies fell; some remained out, for the old Indenture was cancelled, and another examination held at the next Election. It may be seen thus that the scholarships were much sought after.

The change from a dame's to College I thoroughly liked. I never looked back to any superiority of my dame's over College, whether in the nature of the boys or the fare. Doubtless in food there had been greater variety: but I can honestly say that regret for the flesh-pots I never felt. There lasted even into my time a remnant of foolish customs kept up against the so-called "Jews," that is, Collegers in their first year. But they did not amount now to serious bullying. One ordeal was "to drink Don Pedro's health": that is, to drink a glass of the small beer strongly dosed with salt. Another was to be "carried": i.e. muffled in your gown and deposited in some coal-closet or dark corner. "Jews" also had to carry the Lower College cricket-box into the Playing Fields.

In a few weeks College made me feel that I was in an atmosphere better for real work and enjoyment of many kinds. No doubt the examinations by which we entered College had improved the standard of boys. Another annual examination for the Collegers (not for Oppidans) was established, called Intermediate, as coming between Fifth Form Trials and Election Trials. A Colleger had two years of Intermediates and two years of Election Trials. By these examinations Collegers' places in their years were changed: so one had to work. Having come to Eton young I was by School order first of my year, and remained so. But it was soon held out to me as a danger that a certain boy, coming from Evans' of Stoke, would take my place.

He did not, nor yet did two others, who had a better chance of such victory. We all four eventually came up to King's.

Not only in School, but also in the general reading, culture, and conversation of those about me I found a higher tone in College. There I made my chief friends. Four such especially in my own year there were, two who came to King's, two who went to Oxford. All these are still my dear friends, seen occasionally, and corresponded with. With several others besides these I have kept up some intercourse, both senior and junior to myself.

My satisfaction and comfort in College in great part were due to some then recent improvements: I can appreciate now what I and others owed to Provost Hodgson in this matter. Then too our first Master in College, Abraham—the dear old patriarch who died less than three years ago—did us all much good. In all that Maxwell Lyte says to his praise I cordially concur. How well Collegers of my time will recall his tall erect figure, as he used to come round the corridors bearing his little lamp! He dropped in upon us in our rooms for a friendly word or two. “Pious man” we called him; but with no thought of slight or disrespect. I corresponded with him of late years, and received a letter from him within a month or so of his death.

As regards the pleasantness of Colleger life, it may be well to say that many of those long before me seemed to look back to their College time with anything

but horror. My father's Eton school-days were quite early in the century : he went up to King's in 1812. I have heard him and his contemporaries talk of their boyish days : they did not appear to feel that they were so very badly fed, lodged and treated. The truth is that with changing times things changed all round ; for Oppidans no doubt as well as for Collegers. And if old fare was rough in a rougher age, be it remembered that it is quite possible to have too much smoothness and luxury. As to the fare, there were grumblers in my time—where and when will there not be among boys or men ? But, despite the prevalence of mutton and rarity of puddings, my opinion of our housing and food in College is that it was good and sufficient.

Part of Long Chamber survived after I entered College : but I was too high in the School to be in it : it contained the last twenty-two Collegers. We New Building boys had two tea-rooms on the ground-floor : in the larger we sat by messes of four or three at separate tables. And to some of the messes we gave curious names : there was "the hungry mess," "the homely mess," "the learned mess" : I was of the last. For supper we trooped into Hall across the School-yard. In Hall we were bound to remain for a certain time at the long tables ; then some of us gathered round the central stove ; and on cheese-nights we would toast our cheese on the pans underlying the fire. In spite of a sprinkling maybe of ashes, was ever toasted cheese better ?

G. J. Dupuis and J. Wilder might claim (I believe) especial thanks for some improvements in our fare. The "Swipes" was said to have been bettered by them: certainly I never thought it bad. The mention of this beverage reminds me of "Bever," abolished but a few years ago, for good reasons, I suppose. But in my time Bever was an institution not, as far as I know, abused: and on cricketing after-fours, the glass of beer and bite of bread were most acceptable: the number of Tugs dropping in to it made excess all but impossible; nor could we spend much time there, having to return to our place in the cricket field. I remember that I entered College on Bever Day (May 6th) and was playing in the Lower College game that very afternoon.

I have seen and heard assertions about the *status* of the Eton Collegers, with which I should here like to express my strong disagreement. They are to this effect, that the Collegers were altogether in an inferior position socially, and were made to feel this, and so really became lower in tone and gentlemanly feeling. Now any such slighting ideas about Collegers, or words used about them (and that in some of the lower parts of the School there were such I should not deny), had no real ground: in proportion to their numbers the Collegers held their own in play, and much more in work. Nor did Collegers of my time think themselves in an inferior position because as a rule less wealthy. Never was I ashamed of the gown. I own that I have known one or two Collegers (shortly after my own time) to

say that they disliked their position, and thought the Oppidans the better part of the School. But these are rare exceptions: and I do not think it was reasonably possible to think so in my time.

We had a sort of home-rule or self-government in College; of which it may be well to say a word or two. The Sixth Form kept order. For some petty offences against rules the usual infliction was an "epigram," or short versification of some joke or pun. These epigrams were shown up at the Sixth Form supper-table. Many hundreds of epigrams must have been turned out. I have a fair number by me—most that I remember were published in the *Antiquary* some years ago. My friend A. C. Lyall had a faculty for incurring epigrams, also for doing them; but he often got me to help in polishing their versification. Williams, a boy of no Etonian brilliancy, but afterwards a well-known London Magistrate, was constantly getting epigrams, and perpetrating wonderful specimens.

Of this Sixth Form authority I never came to exercise much: for it was the Præpostors, the first seven, who mainly held it, and I came within that number only during my last Half. There were five of the year above me remaining up to Election 1851: then I was left Captain of the School for the coming year; but within the first week of the holidays a vacancy occurred which took me up to King's. As Captain of the Collegers, on Election Saturday I had to speak the Cloister Speech under the Clock

Tower, greeting the Provost of King's. The master assigned to revise my speech, and train me in it, was Cookesley. He took great pains, supplied me with copious "sense," and made many alterations in my Latinizing of it. The occasion of my speech was rather memorable: for Dr. Okes was returning for the first time to Eton as Provost of King's to take part in the Election. He had been elected late in 1850 to succeed Dr. Thackeray. The delivery of that Latin speech may be termed my last public act as an Eton boy. Election Trials indeed succeeded it; but before the end of these came the resignation of a King's Fellow, making a place for me at Cambridge. So I returned to Eton as a boy no more: but was "ripped," and duly took my place as a Scholar at King's.

I may here note some of the changes that came about during my eight years of school life.

The last Montem was in 1844. The splendours of that curious frolic have been often chronicled: by no one better than by my own brother, whose account (first given in *Blackwood*, 1891) is reprinted in Coleridge's book on Eton. I recollect two Montems, 1841 and 1844. At the first I was not an Eton boy, but as my elder brother was, and my father was in residence at Eton, I saw a good deal of it. But in 1844 I was in the Fourth Form, consequently a pole-bearer. I had my pole duly cut by my master, and marched to Salt Hill; but we did not dine there, as had been the custom, we marched back and dined in tents on the

Fellows' Eyot, a change in the programme of this final Montem.

The transformation of the interior of the Chapel fell within my time. The temporary Chapel we boys called the Tabernacle. I remember its stifling heat in the Summer Half. Maxwell Lyte has chronicled the facts about this; Coleridge gives some amusing details. Of the mural paintings then discovered in the Chapel I remember hearing: they were soon covered up again. I do not recollect that I saw them: probably it was only because my father was a Fellow that I heard much about them.

The demolition of the old Christopher and some adjoining houses came within my schooldays. Also the building of the two new Masters' houses facing the Upper School: but I cannot recall exactly a picture of the houses which they supplanted. Durnford was the first occupant of one of the new pair.

The New Buildings for the Collegers were completed about a year before I donned the gown: the Boys' Library came at the same time. An extensive taking up of roads and improving drains was carried out when I was about twelve years old: and to this I was supposed to owe a serious fever which kept me from school for a whole Half or more. In connexion with which I always remember how with great kindness, after the Trials for Fifth Form, Hawtrey, in reading out the list, took care publicly to account for my rather low place by my long absence from the work on which we had been examined.

It is well known that Mathematics were not then a necessary and regular part of the School-work. But there was the Round House, the Mathematical School: how large a proportion attended there, I do not know. My only knowledge of the interior of the building was from occasionally going there to a lecture or concert. A reading of Shakespeare by Macready I remember: also some Chemical lectures with experiments and explosions, and a performance of Handel's *Messiah*. Before I left school however it was settled that Mathematics were to come into the *curriculum*: and in my last Election Trials some Mathematical papers were set to us Collegers. I had taken some trouble to learn up a fair lot: but report said that these papers were not looked over or allowed to count. However my work no doubt helped me at Cambridge, where I went in for Mathematical Honours.

Considering the half-century and more that has elapsed, an Eton boy's dress has not changed much—at least not his school attire. A jacketed Etonian looks much as he did in my schooldays. But coats have changed more. When we "went into tails," it was into real swallowtail coats. Short coats were indeed coming in a little during my last Half or so. Our "stick-ups" were stiff white chokers, twice rounders. Gills were but occasionally worn, when we had "Leave." In play dress there was not the liberty or variety of the present day. The boys generally had no distinctive play dress; only the great ones, e.g. the

eleven in cricket, issued forth fully equipped in flannels, &c. The Boats had indeed their regular uniforms: and regular wet-bobs had boating jackets, but they kept them in rooms just out of bounds, and donned and doffed them there. Ordinarily for cricket your younger boy (starting indeed with straw hat) when he came to the ground threw off jacket and waistcoat and there he was. I am here only recording a fact; not commending the old: modern uses in this are better. In the football season however we dressed completely for football; and Collegers' gowns were a convenient wrap to and from the field. Collegers, be it noted, then always wore their gowns about College: left them, when going beyond bounds, at certain established places on the limits. And within our rooms, and about the corridors, in the evening we wore easy and comfortable College clothes.

One thing in public schools of old and especially in Eton I have heard and seen severely blamed: yet (as I think) with much unfairness: to wit the religious teaching. I had once to sit and hear Eton roundly abused as an irreligious school by a colleague Master, a zealous admirer of another school. Of course I protested, when a chance offered; but probably with little effect on the assailant of Eton. Enthusiastic admirers of a certain really great Head Master used almost to assert that he was the sole author of Christian teaching, as of other goods, in public schools. To which opinion I cannot subscribe.

But even a lover of Eton (and my very good friend)

writes : " The religious teaching of my schooldays was not a strong point, either in or outside Eton Chapel." Now, while admitting great improvements in the new, I do not think the old was so useless as he makes out. About our Chapel services and sermons I have already said something. As to our religious teaching in school, we had much Greek Testament both in Form and Pupil Room. A. D. C. disparages certain editions of the Greek Testament. I hold no brief for any particular edition ; but those used were considered good in their day. And what I do say, as my conviction after long experience, is that, for schoolboys, full and long commentaries on the Greek text are of little good. They cannot (except a few in the highest forms) appreciate a Lightfoot or a Westcott, whom Coleridge wishes we had had. But they can be taught to construe the Greek original of the Gospels and Acts : this we were taught at Eton ; and it is a great point gained. I was talking about this some few years ago to my friend Harper, the Archdeacon of Timaru, N.Z. He looks back to our Eton training in Greek Testament as really good and valuable : especially he thought that our saying parts of it by heart gave us a familiarity with the Greek text.

In Pupil Room Divinity A. D. C. questions the advisability of certain sermons which he and his co-pupils often had. So do I : but then such Tutor work I never had : in "private business" my Tutor gave us also much of Greek Testament.

One opportunity for the Tutor was Confirmation ;

and my Tutor prepared us most carefully and conscientiously, taking each boy separately. I remember how impressive were his words at the beginning, how thorough the instruction that followed. Nor have I reason to suppose that other Tutors were careless, though their methods may have varied.

But in this matter one plain question I ask. If Eton during the first half of last century was an irreligious school, how came it to nurture such men as these: Provost Hodgson, T. T. Carter, J. Wilder, G. A. Selwyn, C. J. Abraham, H. Polehampton, E. Thring, G. F. Witts, C. Patteson? Can a larger proportion of good *alumni* be produced within the same time from any other school? The fruits prove the tree.

Let it not be forgotten that in religion school influence will nearly always be outweighed by home influence. And it may be that home influence worked more and better on the material of Eton boys of that time than it does in many households of this hurrying age. But I should be wronging the memory of my own Head Master, if I allowed that his influence went for nothing in these matters. Hawtrey, as A. D. C. says, was indifferent to the *Credo in Newmannum* watchword. Nor (I add) had he any opposite *Credo in Simeonem*, or the like. He did not think these controversies necessary or wholesome for boys: they were quite out of his province. But to truth, honour, reverence, charity, Hawtrey was not indifferent, and these are no unimportant parts of the Christian religion.

Good men were trained in Hawtrey's Eton; good

men too in Keate's Eton before him. Hawtreys' method was different from Keate's, and neither of them was that of 1900. But we have no right to condemn a former generation for not having what we have: one might as reasonably condemn them for ignorance of wireless telegraphy and *radium*. It is a pity when we cannot mend and reform without disparaging those predecessors on whose foundation we build. I would again repeat after twenty years the maxim of the old school in Aristophanes (*Nub.* 999) freely paraphrased:

Remember not each petty fault, forgetting all the good,
Of older men who fed thy youth with wisdom's sacred food.

My knowledge of Eton did not end with my school-days. I was repeatedly at Eton again during my father's life-time, i.e. till 1860. After that I kept up acquaintance with many of my seniors: of my contemporaries and juniors many, from my own College and others, became Eton Masters. For nearly thirty years after I took my B.A. degree, pupils of my excellent brother-in-law (W. T. Browning) were going to Eton and doing well there, whom I knew well. Thus I never lost touch with Eton or King's. And even during the last ten years I have been often visiting Windsor, Eton's close neighbour; and thus I renew acquaintance, if with fewer and fewer persons, yet with places familiar to me for sixty-seven years and (with Gray's permission) not "beloved in vain."

CHAPTER III.

KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE. 1851-58.

It was early in August 1851 that I first saw the buildings of King's College, which was to be my place of residence for most months of the year during six years and a half. The "resignation" that took me off from Eton arrived actually during my last Election Trials. And I was bound to make my appearance at King's College within twenty-one days. After about a week, having seen the public school matches at Lord's, I went to Cambridge. My brother accompanied me thither, I was formally admitted, and we were hospitably entertained by one or two of our seniors who were in College; but, as it was Vacation time, very few were up. And we stayed only one or two days. It was when Term began early in October that I actually came into residence.

Fifteen scholars there were when I came up to King's, just three years' supply, and exactly five from each year. The number of scholars would vary a little from time to time; for each became a Fellow exactly three years from the date of his admission as a scholar, and scholars came up according as vacancies

occurred in the ranks of the Fellows by taking of Livings, marriage, or death.

Dr. Okes had been elected Provost late in 1850. It was known that with him certain changes would be introduced: it was resolved that the College should resign the old privilege of its members receiving the B.A. degree without any University examination. A privilege this was of very doubtful good to those who enjoyed it; the only wonder is that it did not work more harm than it did. King's has been pronounced by someone to be "the grave of talent." But I do not myself think that the talents, though less stimulated, were so entirely buried or wasted as some have supposed.

I was the first scholar of King's with whom the rule of submitting to examination for B.A. came into force, in January 1855. But the rule was permissive to scholars senior to me, and some King's men voluntarily passed the Senate House examinations. Five out of the fifteen scholars whom I found up at King's volunteered in this way. Still in much there was a continuance of the old system. Scholars succeeded to their Fellowships in three years: all before me were practically free to work as much or as little as they liked. Yet it would be wrong to conclude of these that they were mere idlers or uncultured. Good scholars some were, fairly good most were. Of the first of my brother's year (three years senior to mine) it may be said that he was one of the very best Cambridge scholars: he won the University scholarship,

was afterwards an Eton Master, then a Professor in London; and a more learned and able man than W. Wayte it would be hard to find. Before several of the then King's scholars lay the prospect of Eton Masterships: good work of various kinds has been done by a considerable proportion of them.

But the possibility of indolence, which no doubt there was, continued to operate with the unambitious even for some years below myself. Nay, in spite of the University examinations, it operated quite as much (if not more) on the three years below mine as on those next above: as for my own year, consisting of four, we may (I think) claim to have had no idler. Our King's College scholars—such, I mean, as were not naturally diligent and lovers of learning—felt that, though they must get their degree by examination, there was as yet no College rule to define what sort of a degree. It was felt too that Fellowships would not be refused except for very grave reasons.

So we of King's College continued to live in a more easy-going way. There was less control and direction of studies than in other Colleges: yet perhaps this freedom must not be pronounced an unmixed evil. "Coaching" prevailed less in King's College; but probably less also in other Colleges, at my arrival in Cambridge, than subsequently. We King's men may have thought that in Classics we did not need it much (as indeed for a pass or tolerable honour performance we did not): and as for Mathematics, why, we were in a premathematic age.

However, to show how we of my time fared educationally, let me review our tuition.

1. Divinity. 2. Classics. 3. Mathematics. These were our subjects.

And our Lecturers were good men in their subjects. But they worked at a disadvantage. There was before them a roomful of undergraduates of three different years, who had no University examination to work up to, and, though intelligent, were of very various tastes: such a mixture was hard to deal with. Attendance at lectures was pretty strictly enforced: and we had lectures enough, two on every weekday but one, and one on that day. But for attention—that was a different matter. Taking the three subjects *seriatim*:

1. Our Divinity Lecturer was learned and diligent; the subjects, I believe, well chosen. There was some Greek Testament or Greek or Latin Father in Lecture; while other English Divinity books had to be read up for the examination, which came just after Easter. The prizes, in books, were good; for the high places the competition was keen. Our lecturer was also very ready to give extra time and help to those who wished it: e.g. in Hebrew, of which a few (including myself) availed themselves. I doubt whether we were not in Divinity as well off as most Colleges. We had not, it is true, a Lightfoot, but we had good chances of learning much.

2. In Classics, when it is said that we had R. Shilleto to lecture us, it will be at once owned that we had a Greek scholar whom for minute accuracy

none since Porson has excelled. He had succeeded (not very long before I came up) a very able King's man, Rowland Williams. From Shilleto's lectures no doubt the ambitious and willing could and did learn much. But he was not quite the lecturer to hold the attention of all his mixed audience. I daresay in some ways Rowland Williams was a better lecturer, more likely to stimulate thought. Shilleto was rather too minute, resting too much on words, too little on subject-matter. Then too some of his peculiarities invited imitation and laughter from the flippant. But I owed much to him, and liked him much : and I came to know afterwards of many generous points in his character, which were not apparent to everybody. He also readily helped us in Latin and Greek Composition outside his lectures : of which help however very few then availed themselves. That attentive hearers could gain much from him and make progress, may be inferred from my own case, who during my whole undergraduate time had but one Term's classical coaching, and one Long Vacation's with R. S. himself, and yet won some classical distinctions.

3. Mathematics in King's during the generation before 1851 one might mathematically describe as an unknown quantity, small, that might be neglected. Hardly any of us had received any mathematical teaching at Eton, it being optional there. For myself I had privately learnt some little Mathematics : was fair in Arithmetic, had made something of a beginning in Algebra, and had got up two books of Euclid,

just before coming up to Cambridge. For I knew I should have to face some examination in such things, and I really liked Mathematics. But with a class such as our Lecturer had in 1852 no one could have done much. He had in his lecture-room a set of youths knowing next to nothing of the subject, and not more than three caring to learn anything. Some very elementary work was given to each, according to his taste, and J. Creber went round helping and correcting the sums or whatever it might be. One scholar, of the eldest year, C. C. James, was going in voluntarily for the University examinations; he won a mathematical honour in 1853. Another scholar a year younger, O. C. Waterfield, liked Mathematics, though he had no examination in view. And I meant to go in for the Mathematical Tripos. At that time either a First Class Poll or a Mathematical Honour must qualify one for the Classical Tripos. And the First Class Poll was rather a troublesome slippery thing of many unsatisfactory fragments of information; not of nearly so much educational value as a sound mathematical grounding. At least so I thought. Then too, in order to compete for the Chancellor's Classical Medals, one must be at least a Senior Optime in the Mathematical Tripos. This rank I resolved to achieve. And yet after all I was never able to compete for the Chancellor's Medals, having come up to Cambridge in a bye Term, and therefore not having kept the number of Terms required by the rules about the Chancellor's Medals. However to Mathematics I applied me with a

will: and the two scholars I have mentioned and myself got the lion's share of our lecturer's attention during my first year at King's. And very helpful I found him: but I also had to "coach" Mathematics privately, having brought such a slender stock from Eton: this I did for about half my Terms of undergraduateship with Lamb, a Fellow of Caius College. A very pleasant tutor he was. I kept up friendly relations with him, and we met from time to time. He took a Gonville and Caius Living in Norfolk; and the last time I saw him was on Lowestoft pier one summer holidays when I and mine were spending some time there. L. had brought his village choir for a day at the sea-side. He died shortly after that.

Gradually more scholars came up to King's who gave attention to Mathematics, but the classical bias remained strong.

The Chapel of King's College has ever been its pride. Our Chapel services were then, as now, musically attractive: the music being, though not so good as now, yet good. Many of my time, I am sure, valued the Chapel services, and remember with serious thoughts their worship there. As to attendance at Chapel, our rules were (I fancy) at least as strict as those of other Colleges. All morning chapels—which on weekdays were early—we were to attend: also afternoon surplice chapels. If a morning chapel was missed, the defaulter "visited" the Dean with a Latin apology: *A. B. prectbus matutinis non interfuit, vespertinis interfuturus*. Much irregularity in this matter

entailed an "imposition." I only once had an imposition : even then I do not think I had been really absent often enough to incur one : but the Dean asked me to write him some Latin verse excuse for oversleeping myself, he knowing that I was capable of such things. So I wrote him a copy of verses, a sort of imitation of Persius' third Satire ; which much amused him.

Upon the vexed question of compulsory chapels I shall not enter, further than to say that *me judice* much nonsense has been written about the bad effects of such rules of discipline. "Shirking" at Eton called forth some time ago much needless and foolish blame. Different generations with different ideas are right in changing their rules : but never shall I believe that serious harm was done by the old rules to any of average common sense or right-thinking persons. The careless and irreverent will be so any way.

One is often asked about the religious state of things in school or college years ago. If I am to hazard an opinion, I do not believe King's to have been below other Colleges in this respect. The subject however is a difficult one : and there is (I think) a tendency in those who have become more serious with advancing years, when they see a general improvement in these matters, to disparage unduly the methods of an earlier time. Probably the religious tone of the students rather varies with time throughout the University, than by the particular rules of each College. And again the University pretty much reflects the nation at large.

In our Chapel we had hardly any sermons during the early part of my undergraduateship: this began to be changed before the end of my time. But as for comparison of King's College with other Colleges, I do not know precisely what was done in this kind in other Colleges. Certainly there were sermons sometimes: e.g. in Trinity Chapel, where Sedgwick (considerably before my time) preached a sermon on the studies of the University, which became (one may say) a well-known classic. But, in the matter of sermons, we were of course supposed to go to the University sermon at St. Mary's. And a very fair number did so. Sometimes St. Mary's was even crowded. The late Bishop of Carlisle, Harvey Goodwin (then incumbent of St. Edward's), was much liked and listened to by the young men, both when he was preaching before the University and in his own parish church, St. Edward's. And I can recollect hearing many select preachers of no small note and influence. G. A. Selwyn of New Zealand, when he was back in England for the first time, preached a most impressive course.

But for religious tone and teaching generally, many of the remarks that were made by me about cavillers at Eton might be repeated about King's College. I have heard or read sweeping condemnations, especially of the King's of a time rather before my own; yet I am inclined to think the attack has not been quite fair. And when I look to the fruits borne in after life among my own *æquales*—say those of the three years on either side of me—I cannot presume to pronounce on

them an adverse verdict. Of course there were wrong-doers among young men, there were idle and careless fellows : but they were not a large proportion. Good work has been done by a great part of the King's men of 1848—1858 ; work clerical, educational, legal, at home, abroad. Some, who at College were not particularly studious, yet turned out well. Indeed the case of Shakespeare's Prince Henry is not infrequently repeated ; thoughtless youth is seen "redeeming time," "the tide of blood, that hath flowed in vanity, turns." But surely such reversions to good may be taken to indicate that there was more good in the early training than some suppose. To King's College chapels and services some King's men, I know, look back with affection : the present west window testifies to the liberality of one just senior to me, F. Stacey. And though our College gave less regular help in religious matters than might now be deemed satisfactory, we found among our "dons" several who privately were kind and effective friends and advisers. The names of Bacon, G. Williams, G. F. Witts, will be gratefully remembered by many. Often were some of us in their rooms for tea, talk, etc. On Sunday evenings we often had part-singing of anthems and the like. Tea-parties of this nature no doubt at times some disparaged and laughed at ; indeed the regular frequenters of them came to be too much a clique or faction. And one of our scholars, a very clever fellow, wrote a sort of skit on such a party, a scene as it were from a play, with dialogue. He entitled it *ἀγιοληροσυμπόσιον*. It was

very amusing, and the satire so good-natured that not even those taken off (some of whom certainly saw it) could feel offended. Ridler, the writer of this witty skit, was not a tea-party man, though occasionally at such meetings : nor was he decidedly the opposite. And in scholarship and literary matters he held a high place. I too might be reckoned rather *medius* ; not a *profanus*, yet in no way shunning the society of those who went in for boating, cricket, games, and suppers rather than teas ecclesiastic. And of the non-literary and somewhat mundane among our Fellows and Dons I always held a better opinion than did some of the stricter sort. These strict and severe ones in King's were (it may be noted) all of the High Church party : Simeon, as far as I know, left in King's College no one of his own party to take his mantle. Not but what he was well remembered by some of the older King's men, and by our elderly gyps. 1851 was only fifteen years after his death. But a following in his own College he had not then, nor perhaps ever. And yet I do not think that all his King's College contemporaries were reprobates : indeed there is much to prove the contrary. All honour to Simeon for the good work he did in Cambridge and in England : but other non-Simeonites did good work too within his "age" (as our late Provost terms that period), 1780—1836. And whether among seniors or juniors in the early decades of the nineteenth century I am inclined to think that more conscience and sense of duty existed than a later age is ready to allow.

And now let me turn to our social life. Here perhaps we of King's differed most from other Colleges. For even the smallest of them drew its students from different schools: whereas we were all Etonians, all Eton Collegers. A King's Scholar came up to join schoolfellows, and by schoolfellows was soon joined. Hence friendships and companionships continued with scarce a break: we were homogeneous, had the same school memories, language, jokes. Now in a way this was very pleasant; yet it was not altogether profitable. Our not being on common ground with outsiders as to the B.A. degree no doubt tended to increase this "grooviness." Some few King's men however even before my time broke through this, and formed numerous out-college acquaintances and friendships much to their advantage. My own brother did so: he knew far more out-college men than any one else in King's College near my time. His Natural History tastes put him in connexion with others like-minded: he and his fellow naturalists formed a field Naturalists' Society, which made many expeditions into the surrounding country for shooting, butterfly-hunting, collecting and observing. And several friendships that he thus formed with non-Etonians have stood firm for years. For about a year of my scholar's time I had some share of this out-college experience: then being left to myself, and being rather of a retiring mood, and also having my hands full of work, I followed the usual King's fashion.

We, as a rule, worked, played, dined, wined

together, with little admixture of the non-Etonian. Pleasantly and socially we went on; and probably the absence of stimulus to work made some of us more convivial than was good for our persons or our fathers' purses. Though, as to the last head, I am not sure that athletics, as more highly organized now, do not make up for this, and prove about as great an expense to the undergraduate and his family. There is less wine, but perhaps more waste in some things. And our King's College wine parties were seldom large, uproarious, or rowdy.

The Junior Combination was an established institution: it met after Hall, which was then at 5 p.m., every evening, if there was a *quorum*; turn by turn each scholar was host. Now and then a scholar entertained friends in his own room at a wine. More evenings than not a scholar went either to Junior Combination or to a friend's wine. Neither Combinations nor wines were as a rule very large (say they numbered from five to eight): nor were they very long or loud. The Junior Combination on Founder's Day, December 6th, was a large gathering. But on that day we could invite friends to the Scholars' table to dinner: and to the Combination that followed many guests were bidden; but chiefly old Etonians and especially old Collegers. Mirth and song naturally were rife on this exceptional feast. No doubt at our wines in those days, even the smaller ones, more was drunk than need have been; and some nonsense was talked, but some sense likewise. Our symposia were

at times literary and Platonic: I look back to much that was not only pleasant but also far from unprofitable.

During my earlier time up at King's not much hard work or reading was done in the evenings. We had various amusements, yet not all frivolous or harmful. There were lovers of music. Opposite to my rooms were those of the future giver of the west window: he was a good pianist, and I heard his instrument going frequently, separated as we were only by a passage. And often I was in his room. Several good singers there were, especially in my brother's year, A. D. Coleridge for instance, and they gravitated thither; part-songs were much sung.

In 1852 I won the Browne's medal for epigrams, and my Greek epigram on *Πῆμα κακὸς γείτρων*, interpreted as "A bad neighbour is a misfortune," described the sufferings of one neighboured by a bad musician. Stacey laughingly declared that it was aimed at him; but no such allusion was meant or deserved.

Cards, chiefly whist, attracted some: but there was no high play in King's. The rubbers were quiet. I hardly ever played whist till after I was B.A. I came up from Eton ignorant of the game; so was seldom even asked to play. Once in Stacey's rooms I remember being pressed to take a hand (when I had just learnt the moves), and trumping with a small trump when a big one or none should have been played. My partner, J. D., was really distressed, and even pathetic. "That little trump is dead, Green, is dead." At which, I fear, I was moved to irresistible

laughter. I had not wanted to play: and could not be blamed much for a result that might have been expected.

Chess did not at that time attract many votaries among us. W. Wayte was the leading player of the Old Chess Club then; he afterwards became one of the very best amateur players in England. I was moved by him to join the Chess Club; but, when he left us for Eton, I practically gave up chess till after I had taken my degree: then I took to it again and have continued to belong to Chess Clubs wherever I have resided. The old Cambridge Chess Club used to meet at the Woolpack: Deighton the bookseller was, I remember, one of the chief town players. At times chess notabilities visited us. About one such occasion the younger brother of W. Wayte wrote some amusing lines, only one complete verse of which I remember:

The clock strikes eight and William Wayte
 Unto the Chess Club marches;
 See ruggy Bower, and Deighton sour,
 And Löwenthal's moustaches.

But I would not offend descendants of the two in the third line by vouching for the truth of the epithets.

In the evenings I and many others read a good deal of English of the lighter kind. Among the scholars Ridler was certainly the most extensive reader; an insatiable devourer of books of all kinds, Latin, Greek, English; serious, light; philosophy and fiction. Modern languages two or three of us did not neglect. For light and miscellaneous books I used chiefly the

Union Library. The Union rooms were then in Green Street, entered under a dark archway—a great contrast to what they have become. The Union debates I seldom attended, unless some sensational subject was on: such as the abolition of the House of Lords, which was on one occasion proposed by (I think) Farrar (afterwards Dean of Canterbury), but not carried.

As time went on, I (and doubtless others junior to me) had to scorn delights and live more laborious evenings. Seldom however did I work at very solid things just after Hall, which was then at five: but shortening or omitting Combination, I read awhile something light, then had a cup of tea, and set to work latish. Especially did I pursue this plan during my last year or so; and much of my Mathematics I used to put into these later hours.

Some of us formed a Literary Society, at which we read papers in turn. There were members who nobly took more turns than their share, members who took less, members who were middling diligent. I think E. D. Stone was Secretary and retained our papers: perhaps he still has them. We all enjoyed those evenings. On one occasion William Johnson came to a meeting: it was in Stone's rooms. I had to read a paper: and much alarmed was I at his (to me) rather awful presence. However he was most friendly. All King's men and Etonians know Johnson for a remarkably able man. He was often at King's during parts of his Eton holidays. But I never came to know him quite intimately, as did some of my contemporaries.

His diary and letters printed a few years ago show how kind-hearted he was beyond what he appeared to some, whom his manner rather alarmed.

There were musical spirits among us who met occasionally for songs and supper. I do not think there was any formal membership or rules. We supped and sang, but not uproariously. Several in our literary were also in our musical group. W. Wayte for instance, who was very learned, but very genial. His young brother was a singer; but more given to amusement than to the severer Muses. Those *noctes cenasque* I recall with pleasure, and with memory of many of our songs; and, I can say, without conscientious twinges.

In my undergraduate time we had not, as a rule, much ladies' society. At certain times, such as Commencement, there would be ladies up in Cambridge, and parties given in their honour; but ordinarily the undergraduate in Term time had little experience of family life. Married Fellows there were none; few were the undergraduates who knew much of the Professors' households, or the Town families. Yet there were parties and dances; and those who were very keen votaries of Terpsichoré got fair chances that way. Something of the kind I had during my first year at King's. For my brother had come to know a good many families in the Town: and I was asked out with him. But he was a great lover of dancing, and I was not. Once, as I remember, he and I and a young Fellow of Trinity, then or afterwards bursar,

J. L. Hammond, shared a fly, and went out to dine in the country at Ickleton. Our host was the Hon. Mr. Herbert, well known to my father; his son R. Herbert was our fellow Etonian (a little senior to me): who at School won the Newcastle Scholarship, and high distinctions at Oxford and afterwards. This Ickleton banquet was the only occasion on which I went out far to any party. And when, on my brother's ceasing to reside, I was left to myself at Cambridge, I went out in society very little up to the time of my B.A. And my case was the rule.

The Heads of Colleges sometimes invited their undergraduates; but these evenings were reckoned rather stiff and stand-up. Not that I can speak of any save those at King's. And whenever my brother and myself went to the Lodge, our Provost and his family were most friendly. As was indeed likely, seeing that Dr. Okes had been my father's fag at Eton and his friend through life. But now the society of Cambridge has undergone a great change, with married tutors lecturers and officers rather the rule than the exception. Whether the gain be not partly balanced by some loss within College walls, I will not venture to determine.

It may be well here to say something of the senior authorities, Professors, Heads and the like, who were holding office when I came up to Cambridge. Some names will seem very far back now to this generation.

Divinity Professors were Blunt, Jeremie, Corrie.

To Blunt succeeded Selwyn in 1855. I attended some lectures of Jeremie and Selwyn. Blunt I knew well by sight, and heard him preach in St. Mary's. Corrie was a well-known figure to me for many years, as Master of Jesus College. He was often to be seen in our Chapel: and was, I suppose, the oldest of our Heads for some years before his death. Scholfield was Greek Professor. He did not attract much of an audience in my time: we used to hear a story about his Æschylus being kicked away contemptuously by Hermann (or some other German), and himself scouted as an unworthy successor to Porson. However I must own I thought his lectures on Pindar, which I attended, very useful. His manner was dry and wooden, his delivery very slow. But his translations were clear: he gave one a very distinct idea of his opinion of the meaning of a passage: and for a first introduction to that difficult author Pindar I found his lectures helpful. He had two ways of referring us to an illustrative passage: (1) "Confer by all means..." and (2) Confer, at your leisure." Some said the second class of passages were useless. About that I do not remember. To Scholfield succeeded Thompson in 1853: and I attended his first course of lectures on the *Gorgias* of Plato which were very good.

Sedgwick must have been the oldest professor when I came up. His was a well-known face and figure. I never attended his lectures: not being geologically inclined, nor indeed having much time for them, either in my first or second Cambridge

residence. Many ladies went to them, at a time when ladies were rare birds in Cambridge lecture-rooms.

Of the Heads, Archdall of Emmanuel may have been the senior: B.A. in 1815. Worsley of Downing ran him near. But Whewell was of course one of the most conspicuous, and had long been so. His acts and all that he did, and the hostel that he built, are for Trinity men to chronicle.

But to return to King's College, and our life there in the fifties. For outdoor games, cricket and boating, our King's College numbers were small. Yet we managed to put a fair eleven in the field for one or two annual matches. There were difficulties attending practice in cricket then: Parker's Piece and Fenner's were the only available grounds. Jesus College had a separate ground of their own, and on this we annually played a match with them. King's gave two or three to University Elevens, notably G. R. Dupuis two years my junior.

There was a Football Club, whose games were played on the Piece, according to rules more like the Eton Field rules than any other. But Rugby and Harrow players would sometimes begin running with the ball in hand or claiming free kicks, which led to some protest and confusion. A Trinity man, Beamont (a Fellow of his College soon after), was a regular attendant, and the rules were revised by him and one or two others, with some concessions to non-Etonians. Few from King's College ever played at this University

game : about the end of my time there began to be other special Rugby games on another ground.

Eton fives I played very often ; so did many other King's men. And several Trinity men, old Etonians, I often played with. Our mathematical lecturer also was always ready to join us in a game, and played well. The only courts then available were two at the University Arms. There also was a racquet court, uncovered. A King's man, Booth, four years my senior, was one of the best racquet players when I went up to Cambridge.

A boat was started the spring after I came up to King's, which ran a successful course for several years. I think eleventh or twelfth was the highest it got to. It started at the end of all : and there were then twenty-four boats in the first division : the rest below were called the Sloggers, which we interpreted 'Slow-goers.' Of these there were six when our King's boat first rowed early in the year 1852. So it started thirtieth : and it made a bump every night of its first races.

There is no need for me to say much of my own University career. The Calendar records my place in Triposes. I was the only one who ever three times in three successive years won the Browne's medal for epigrams (Greek and Latin, not then divided). The three gold medals have been combined into a bracelet *sui generis*. I came up to College with good advantages, and gained successes beyond what I expected, perhaps beyond what others expected for me. And so I was encouraged to remain on for some time

at Cambridge, taking Classical pupils, and reading with a view to Holy Orders. Having some Mathematics, I was appointed one of the Sadlerian Lecturers. These lecturers were paid from a foundation or bequest to the University. There was one (or might be one) in each College. Subsequently they were consolidated into one Sadlerian Professor: but at this time (1855) the Sadlerian lecturer worked as a second or assistant lecturer in his own College. Our mathematical lecturer, Croker, just then took a Caius College Living: he was succeeded by Harvey Goodwin (subsequently Dean of Ely and Bishop of Carlisle); and I worked harmoniously with him, taking the elementary subjects, till I left Cambridge. Those who came under my hands went through the Mathematics necessary for the Honour Little-go. I do not suppose they were all very earnest about Mathematics: Classics still bore chief sway. One of my Sadlerian pupils, Bosanquet (now a K.C.), lately said, when speaking at the annual King's dinner, that he and his fellow-learners were not keen on Mathematics, and though attending my lectures, did not attend much to their work there. But any way all the King's scholars who came to my lectures during those few years passed their Previous Examination: not one was plucked.

By this time scholars were coming up from Eton who all had to pass B.A. examinations; Eton was now enforcing Mathematics, and some men were joining us at King's College with mathematical tastes. Fellowships still awaited scholars almost as a matter of

course ; but reform was in the air, the Commission was upon us. Even within the College it was felt that such a noble foundation ought not to be training about fifteen at a time for a permanent prize with a possibility of indolence. College meetings were held to draw up schemes of change ; and much pains was taken. At a great part of these meetings I was present, but I went out of residence before their end and issue ; and others who bore a later part in them and saw their completion have chronicled this part of the history of King's College : our late Provost especially.

As a Fellow during the years 1855-7 I was thrown a good deal with my seniors, with some indeed who were considerably older. One senior Fellow, J. Barnard, was a contemporary (a year or two younger) of my father, and also his father had been a neighbour of my father's father in Kent : so he naturally was friendly with the son of an old neighbour and schoolfellow. I saw these older men continually at College meetings and in the Combination room, or "parlour," which was the old-fashioned name for it. No doubt Eton master-ships drained away some of our best men ; and others of energy sought fields of work elsewhere, in the Church, in the Law. But with regard to those who remained in College rather hard judgments have been expressed. Though here and there a *mauvais sujet* could be shown ; though some might yield to indolence, vegetate (one might say), leave no mark for good on their generation ; yet there were among them men of learning, taste and culture : there were some who

helped and encouraged the younger generation ; there were also good sensible men of business, who (though not keen for learning and research) conscientiously and diligently managed the College estates. Some, whom we youngsters in our conceit dubbed as useless old fogies, had done useful work in their time. For instance the elder of the two Heaths had earlier in life been a traveller in the North, he was learned in the languages of Norway and Iceland. It was mainly through his liberality that Jón Thorlaksson's translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost* into Icelandic was printed and published in 1828 ; and it is one of the best poetical translations I have ever seen. Even those who were counted obstructives, because they liked not changes, were in many cases estimable fellows, were genial and kind, nor ought they to be blamed overmuch for clinging to their old customs, though we can now see that it was right to change them. As I have said, of such King's College Fellows, my seniors, I saw much, whether residents or occasional visitors, during the three years after my B.A. And I renewed acquaintance with many in the years 1863-70, when I was again a resident in Cambridge, and was frequently in King's Hall and in King's men's rooms. During this latter time a younger set were coming in ; of whom I need not speak ; but I have felt bound to give this tribute of regard to those seniors who have passed away.

During my Fellowship time at King's College I indulged in one recreation that hitherto at Cambridge

I had foregone, to wit riding. I took to keeping a horse in the College stables, and thus I greatly enlarged my knowledge of the country by rides in every direction. F. Whitting, the present worthy Vice-Provost, was my chief companion; but sometimes a party of us rode out, for "a flutter" as he used to call it. Now and then we went out with the harriers kept by a gentleman in the neighbourhood; once or twice after foxhounds. Notably I remember one run in the neighbourhood of Swaffham Priors: on which day I and F. Whitting went on in the evening to Swaffham and stayed with a pleasant family there, the Witts: the father had a son up at King's. Once I rode over to see my cousins near Saffron Walden. And twice I rode from Cambridge to my father's Northamptonshire Living, as the most pleasant way of getting my horse thither, stopping one night on the way. Bedford was my lodging one time; on the other a much smaller town whose name I have forgotten.

Cambridge buildings have much changed since my undergraduate days, both College and Town have many notable additions. St. Mary's interior has been metamorphosed; Golgotha is gone. The railway station had of old dark stairs and a bridge overhead, and a luggage tunnel underneath: yet its present wearisomely long platform is not much to boast of. The streets in the fifties showed not such varieties of dress. Knickerbockers were not, nor such manifold costumes for games. Gowns were more frequently seen. Smoking, though common, was not so universal.

Among public events in my student times were the Great Duke's funeral; the Crimean War. About the Balaclava Charge I remember doing some Latin verses in an examination: it must have been for an University Scholarship, for in such examinations only was original Latin verse ever set. The Indian Mutiny broke out before I went out of residence: Reynolds, one of my contemporaries and friends at King's, had gone out to India in the Civil Service the year before it.

Although I left Cambridge early in life, and by marriage ceased to be a Fellow of King's in 1858, I have never severed connexion entirely with either Cambridge or King's College. For, as I shall presently show, I came back to Cambridge some years later, and resided there; and not a year of my life has passed without at least one visit there.

Thus I have seen the gradual development of a new King's and a new Cambridge. Of a new King's, and, I trust, a better one. The opening of the Senate House to King's, inaugurated by Provost Okes, was an undeniable good: and other wholesome changes followed.

And yet old King's men will look back with pleasure (mixed perhaps with some regret for its disappearance) on the genial friendliness of old King's, or even of middle King's, as one might term the College from about 1851 to 1865. Our life together as one family or brotherhood, if narrowing, was pleasant. Enlargement and cosmopolitanism are not attained without some sacrifices. Loosening of bonds there had to be; and some liked these bonds and close union. Not only

in King's, but in all Cambridge, and Oxford too, things have changed. For the better, we doubt not, on the whole. There is (one hopes) less idleness, dissipation, vice. Yet perhaps an average betterness involves some losses, some weakening of fibre for good as well as for evil. For instance, I sometimes think that among undergraduates there is more trifling and childishness, less manliness, than there was forty-five years since. Some of the recent books about College life have confirmed me in this impression, as well as actual experience and acquaintance among the rising generation. That clever little book, *The Babe B.A.*, was to me a disheartening book—the more so the more true it is to facts. Multiplicity of studies may be partly responsible for this frivolous tendency, by perplexing the learners, and too much dividing their energies. Then perhaps in some ways young men are now over-tuited; they swim with corks too much or too long. The confessed deficiencies of lectures produced the demand for much "coaching": then Colleges awoke to see that they ought to do more for their students, and they did so. And now possibly too much is given: students are overmuch guided and so fail to acquire the self-reliance won by those who had to work out their own success. It may be said that there were more failures, more signal failures, in early days. And this no doubt is true; the weak are better safe-guarded.

In regard of discipline and order, ideas seem to me to have changed. We live in levelling times: no man

will endure a master : undergraduates are more on an equal footing with their elders, they are in their relations to them even too much on "hail fellow well met" terms. But an *entire* absence of what is termed "donnishness" is a questionable advantage to either teachers or taught. Friendliness, frankness, absence of affectation and pretence—these are good. But some reserve and dignity there should be ; elders may well claim, and juniors allow, some deference to office, age and wisdom. Which some seniors nowadays seem entirely to give up, and the juniors are (naturally) well content to have it so.

Bishop Jeremy Taylor gives (presumably to grown persons) this advice : "Converse not much with young people." Schoolmasters and College dons cannot strictly obey this precept. And a great Head Master, Dr. Hawtrey, said that having young people always round him kept him from feeling old : and this is surely some advantage. Not long ago a friend and fellow-Etonian in my hearing claimed for our school this advantage, that Eton boys never grew old. I agree with both these authorities that a certain youngness and freshness is to be treasured. But yet I so far assent to Jeremy Taylor as to think that those elders who must needs be much with their juniors will do well to consort with those of their own years also, and not to lay aside all claims to deference when with the young. And certainly the young will do well to remember the saying of a well-known Master of Trinity, that "we are none of us infallible, not even the youngest."

At our Universities now I really believe that the moral offences are less prevalent and outrageous than formerly. But formerly strong unruly offenders knew that they were wrong, and really, at heart, thought their seniors wiser than themselves. A less humble mind is now rather prevalent. Many even of the well-meaning and better sort do not start with any such axiom as that the older are wiser: they are ready to question any and every rule with a "Why?" and do not think disobedience wrong simply as disobedience.

But *quo Musa tendis?* I must not digress into wide generalities. I look upon the present prosperity of my old College with satisfaction. May she enlarge the place of her tent, lengthen her cords, strengthen her stakes! Yet past King's College companions and my seniors too I remember with affection. And though new King's differs from old King's, and has in much been disjoined from Eton, yet *Floreat Etona* is a wish that stirs them both, and both will join in the earnest toast *In piam memoriam* of their common Founder.

CHAPTER IV.

CAMBRIDGE 1863—1871.

AFTER nearly six years of school-work in the Liverpool College, I returned to a second residence in Cambridge.

A Classical Lectureship in Clare College (Clare Hall it used to be) being offered to me, I accepted it, beginning my duties there in the autumn Term of 1863. This lectureship I held for a year or two, then became lecturer in Queens' College: with which my connexion was closer and longer, for I retained the lectureship, holding also the Chapel Readership, till I finally left Cambridge and went to Rugby.

Besides lecturing in College I took private pupils; these were of various colleges. Several Clare men read with me; some of whom did very well. At Queens' I formed some pleasant friendships. Some who were in my lecture-room at the outset became Fellows of the College and lecturers. One, of whom I saw a good deal, Pirie, became Mathematical Professor at Aberdeen. A scholar of Queens' who was in my lecture-room, a musical man, and our Chapel organist, came a few years ago to be a neighbour parson in a

country village here in Suffolk. There was one senior Fellow, Goren, a lawyer in London, a bachelor, who regularly came down for College business: he was an Old Etonian, and had been at Eton my father's pupil. This naturally proved a bond between us; and he often talked of his Eton school-days and my father's pupil-room. There is a story well known and (I believe) in print; but Goren used positively to assert the thing to have occurred in his own hearing and in my father's pupil-room at Eton, some time in the early thirties. A boy showed up a verse ending with *percussit eum bro*. "What is *bro*?" asked my father. "With a stick, sir." "*Bro* with a stick!" "Yes, sir. *Candelabrum* is a candlestick, *candela* a candle: therefore *brum*, sir, is a stick." What ensued, besides laughter, I forget Goren's account of. But Dr. Campion, then Tutor, afterwards President, of Queens', maintained that the boy ought to have been much commended for philological acumen. I do not vouch, mind, for this having really first happened as above: but Goren certainly told it thus more than once. And as he was a good mathematician, but not specially distinguished classically, it is difficult to imagine how he could have got the story except by experience. At all events (if it be proved to have another and earlier origin) I am sure that Goren fully believed it had occurred as he used to tell the tale.

A good deal of examination naturally fell to my share, both in the Colleges with which I was connected, and for the University. I examined once for the Bell

Scholarship : and among my colleagues were several very much my seniors, Dr. Jeremie for one. For the Classical Tripos I was examiner four times. When I first examined for this in 1866, there were only four examiners ; and, the number of candidates having become large, the work was extremely hard. It had to be finished by a certain day ; and to get it done within the time required unremitting diligence for several weeks. I never felt work so hard as that of those examination weeks. In 1868 the number of examiners was increased to six.

Besides examining at Cambridge, I often examined at schools. In 1864 I went to Eton as examiner for the Newcastle Scholarship : and much I enjoyed this visit to my old school. Dr. Balston was then Head Master, and was a delightful host. My colleague from Oxford was E. Palmer, afterwards Latin Professor, and we worked pleasantly together. It was a bit of a hurry to get all done within the week (or less) : but the labour of such an examination is small compared to the long grind of the Classical Tripos. The Newcastle scholar elected by us was W. R. Kennedy, now a Judge. In this examination there were some pupils of my friend W. Wayte, then an Eton Master : one of these, T. F. C. Huddleston, subsequently won the Scholarship. Wayte naturally spoke with me about their performances : and whenever we have met since, he has reminded me of this examination, being struck with the thorough recollection that I had of his pupils' papers, being able to answer his questions and tell him just what he wanted to know. An

examiner, one would suppose, ought to be able to do so ; but Wayte asserted that I compared favourably in this respect with some other Newcastle examiners. For two successive summers I went up to Dollar in Scotland to examine the schools there. A good deal of this work was rather inspection than examination ; we heard the classes taken by their teachers ; proportionally the paper work was light. My mathematical colleague on one of these occasions was S. Walton, of whom I have a very pleasant remembrance : he afterwards came to be rector of a parish not far from Cambridge, and I saw him there once or twice, taking Sunday duty for him. He died comparatively young. His elder brother was a very well-known mathematician, long resident in Cambridge, and a conspicuous figure as he passed along the street, something like Dante's Cato in Purgatory with *lunga la barba e di pel bianco, and oneste piume*. Dollar is beautifully situated in a glen at the foot of the Ochil Hills ; but we examiners had not much time to explore the surrounding scenery. The first year I was up there I combined it with an angling visit to Sutherlandshire, taking Dollar on my way south.

One of my earliest examinations at schools was at Rugby in 1861. This was during my mastership at Liverpool, in holiday time, our summer holidays then not corresponding with those of the public schools. One of the exhibitors then elected is still up at Trinity College, Cambridge. This and some other visits to Rugby for examinations were all in Dr. Temple's

Headmastership. Cheltenham I visited once as examiner in Dr. Barry's time. My colleague at Rugby in 1861 was the late Lord Bowen, a delightful fellow: at Cheltenham I had a pleasant colleague in Currey, then a Fellow of Trinity, since that an Inspector of Schools. And I met him again in Northamptonshire many years afterwards. During my second residence in Cambridge "Local Examinations" were instituted: in these I often took part, both by "conducting" at centres, and by setting and looking over papers.

Of Cambridge lecturers to women I believe I was one of the earliest. I cannot give chapter and verse and dates for the details of women's education matters: but I used to go out to Hitchin once or twice a week, and there teach a very intelligent group. This Hitchin house was the nucleus so to say of what has since grown into a larger College or Colleges. And in Cambridge for a term or so I took a very pleasant class of ladies in German.

The system of Inter-Collegiate lectures began while I was lecturer at Queens': and then for some lectures I had combined audiences from several Colleges at that end of Cambridge: some lectures I delivered in the hall of Corpus Christi College.

But of actual teaching enough has been said: let me not be tedious with too much of what we used to call "shop." The years of which I am writing saw several changes in the Classical Tripos proposed and discussed: but they were not actually carried out till after 1871. Fly-sheets were circulated on the subject.

I contributed my mite, as I see from a copy I have come across, dated Oct. 9th, 1866. Others who wrote on the matter were W. G. Clark, Burn, Cope, E. C. Clark, Vansittart, A. Holmes, J. E. B. Mayor.

In the various Colleges changes of many kinds had begun and were operating. Matters that were being discussed in 1857 shortly before I went out of residence had resulted in alterations in my own College, King's. In these, being no longer a Fellow, I had no part: their history may now be seen well recorded by the late Provost in his history of the College. He was Tutor and Prælector at the time of which I am writing. Naturally I saw much of King's and King's men. Having my name still on the College books I could dine in Hall on my own right, and did so now and then, and often by hospitable invitation. I had one or two pupils from King's at times, and other King's men occasionally came to my house. One of these younger men lately reminded me how we had once gone a-fishing together in the Old West river, and caught mostly eels.

Some of my contemporaries remained in College up to this time, but very few. And of several who were a good way my seniors I now came to know more, and to appreciate them better. The opinion which I have expressed before (in my earlier chapter on King's) as to some of these my later experience confirmed.

The Senior Fellow whom I have mentioned before, J. Barnard, was a curious courtly old gentleman, quite of the old school, rather a dandy. Often was I in his rooms, which were wondrously decorated

with old china, of which he had a large collection ; but I am no connoisseur in that kind. I saw much of him during this my second Cambridge residence, as also whenever I was at Cambridge during my Rugby mastership. For he lived on till within a few years of my leaving Rugby. He did not attain to the years of an uncle of his, who died aged 103 not many years before him ; whose photograph he used to show me. But he was several years past eighty when he died.

A. Long, for some time Vice-Provost, I knew and liked well : as also J. Law, who was one of the Bursars. Brocklebank, a Bursar for a long time, and then Vice-Provost, was intimate with me and mine. Besides our King's knowledge of each other we often met in my sister's house, he being a fast friend of her husband, W. T. B. But these whom I have spoken of belonged decidedly to *old King's* : even their names will be unknown to many of this generation.

G. Williams was another with whom I renewed acquaintance. He had been Vice-Provost for part of my earlier time. He was much interested in the Greek or Eastern Church ; he had travelled in those parts. In 1868 he published a volume about the Greek Church, with a copy of which he presented me. It was about the same time that he made and printed a translation of a patriarch's or archbishop's speech in modern Greek ; it was about education. When he had the proofs of this in hand he asked me to come to his rooms and read the Greek in the manuscript, while he

read aloud his English; he thought that my Greek scholarship might be of service to him for corrections and improvements. This Greek manuscript was beautifully written, and the subject-matter was good and interesting. By this reading I learnt somewhat of modern Greek: but the archbishop's Greek was of a very educated classical style. Of modern Greek otherwise I had and have but a limited knowledge, though I used occasionally to dip into and make out parts of a Greek newspaper. That we ought to pronounce all our Greek as the modern Greeks do, a young lady friend, a good scholar, tried to convince me: we read the *Phaedo* of Plato together with this utterance, and a further pamphlet on the matter she sent me. But, if almost persuaded, I have, I fear, back-slidden. No doubt I was too old to give up early habits. To return to G. Williams: he soon afterwards took the King's living of Ringwood in Hants; where I saw him more than once in 1877 or thereabouts. Not long after this he died. His successor was G. F. Witts, another of my old friends, our very popular Dean during my undergraduateship, and then a Master at Uppingham School under Dr. Thring, a great friend of his. I must say a few words about Dr. Thring, of whom Eton and King's may well be proud. He came to Eton as "Poser" in 1850 and 1851. In the evenings he would join some of us Colleger examinees in cricket practice on Lower College ground, and was most pleasant. Every one knows what he made of Uppingham School. Like Nelson, whom of late we

have been celebrating, he had a great soul in a small body. I saw him once or twice at King's. I remember that soon after my degree he congratulated me warmly on my successes, which (he said) he had predicted. Later on I saw him at Rugby during my mastership, when he came there with some of his Uppingham cricketers. And last, when a company of the Rugby Natural History Society met the Uppingham naturalists and had a ramble in a neighbouring wood, Thring entertained us most hospitably. Witts enjoyed but for a very short time his retirement on the Avon. And to him succeeded Bodkin, whom I knew well, when he was at King's : he was some dozen years my junior. Not long since we met as sharers of our royal College's hospitality (1902).

While at Cambridge from 1863 to 1871 I came to see and know more of our distinguished University Librarian, H. Bradshaw. When we were at school at Eton he had been in the same division with me, indeed very near me in school order. So we sat all but side by side for several years. But we had not the same tutors, nor were our pursuits entirely the same. Bradshaw was not at all prominent in games, nor yet did he make much mark in scholarship as a boy for some time : but in the examination of Collegers together during the last two years—" Election Trials " we called it—he rose to be the first of his year. This entailed for him promotion in school place : so he left my division, and was in the Sixth Form long before I was, being two years senior to me. When he

came up to King's College, he did not necessarily fall under the new rules ; but he voluntarily went into the Senate House examination for B.A., and obtained a second class in the Classical Tripos. I imagine that he was a slow worker on paper ; and he had perhaps been rather eclectic and independent in his ways of reading. When he first came up to Cambridge, he could not have known that he would go in for the Tripos. Else he would probably have come to the front earlier. However eventually he found his due place and distinction. Bradshaw had, I remember, a very good set of friends : he was from the very first intimate with several outside King's, who turned out distinguished men : among whom I may name Dr. Hort. Bradshaw was, I should say, a very thoughtful man : he read less than some, but thought more. And I well remember that he once found fault with some of those of his time to me, saying that they read too much, and thought too little. I was pretty often in his rooms during my second Cambridge residence : we now had some literary tastes in common, though we did not run exactly on the same lines. He gave me, just when I was first studying Icelandic, a copy of Thorlaksson's translation of *Paradise Lost*, given to him by our Senior Fellow, Heath. Bradshaw had the reputation (not, I fear, undeserved) of forgetting to answer letters, especially notes of invitation and the like. I daresay this did not apply to correspondence of importance about Library matters, of which he must have had much with persons of many places and countries.

But such matters about him have been elsewhere chronicled and published. I only give my personal recollections of my schoolfellow. I liked him much. If he was not enough appreciated by his contemporaries, this was unavoidable; such qualities as he had are appreciable by few. And what some said of him, that, however friendly with old companions and schoolmates when present, he seemed to forget them when absent, was, I fear, partly true. His very sedentary habits and his dispensing almost entirely with regular outdoor exercise may, I should think, have shortened his life.

My knowledge of Cambridge, never entirely interrupted since 1851, has made me eye-witness of the uprising of many changed, enlarged and new buildings. To put a date to each I will not attempt, but will mention some of the chief. Within my half-century have come the new buildings of Jesus College, those at Gonville and Caius, at Trinity Hall, Whewell's Hostel, St. John's Chapel; additions to Pembroke, Peterhouse, Queens', King's; enlargements of the University Library, new schools and museums. Selwyn College has arisen: also Newnham. And many buildings not Collegiate have been enlarged or rebuilt; the Post Office, Banks, and streets. Many private houses entirely new, especially out in the Backs. The railway has thrown out branches. South-east of Parker's Piece towards Cherry Hinton the country is unrecognisable: it was all fields in my early time. Vanished is the jail: Fenner's ground remains, but its surroundings

are quite altered. Down the river towards Ely there are two more bridges spanning the Cam.

I gained more experience of the surrounding country in my second Cambridge residence. For occasionally I walked or drove out to take Sunday clerical duty in neighbouring villages. Also in the summer during the Long Vacation, when I remained at home taking pupils, I often got a day or half a day free, and then I would go out fishing. And in this way I came to know all the main river down to Denver Sluice; as also the Prickwillow branch below Ely, and the Brandon river flowing in below Littleport. The Old West river too was a haunt of mine; many a quiet angle have I enjoyed on its banks. And the Ouse higher up towards St. Ives, between Holywell and Earith, I used to visit. Here it was that Mr. Barham, Rector of Lolworth, son of the author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, caught a mighty pike of twenty-four pounds: this I saw in a glass case in his study when I took his Sunday duty, as I did for a month or two.

But fish and fishing excursions are 'another story.' They must not lead me away from my Cambridge experiences belonging to the time of which this chapter treats. I came to know many persons not of my own College. One, whose face and figure were well known in Cambridge for quite half a century, Mr. Potts, I naturally saw much of, as being my brother-in-law, though by many years my senior. I made his acquaintance about the time of my B.A. degree, and improved it during the next three

years: then, when we were *affines*, and I went to school-work in Liverpool, I was not unfrequently during holiday times back in Cambridge. When in 1863 I returned to live in Cambridge, we were often in Mr. Potts' house on Parker's Piece: and after I went to Rugby many holiday visits we made there; and so too after I retired to Suffolk, even up to his illness and death. Mr. Potts had ever since his degree (1832) lived continuously in Cambridge: thus for more than half a century he saw what was doing there, and took a keen interest in all University and College matters, and witnessed many changes. He passed for something of a Radical in the fifties, but before the eighties he had come to be esteemed rather Conservative. He was very active and stirring in all matters of the time, and very useful in many. Perhaps he was thought over-busy and over-talkative about his own share in some: whence some people were led to underestimate his really valuable work. He had a wide acquaintance in the University: he had former pupils in all professions and in all countries. Visitors from all parts were made welcome at his house. Many notabilities among my seniors did I meet there; some of whom I came to know well for myself.

Life in Cambridge for those of scholarly or scientific tastes has many advantages. One enjoys the society of distinguished men in various kinds of learning. I will mention some of those with whom I was not infrequently thrown. Professor Selwyn—the eldest of a distinguished brotherhood—whose lectures I had

attended when a young B.A., I came to know pretty well: and to know him was to like him. A remarkable Don Quixote-like figure and face he had: but the face often lightened up with cheerfulness and humour. As a former Browne's Medallist for Epigrams, I think he had a fellow feeling with me. Professor Thompson, afterwards Master of Trinity, I met now and then in King's, where he used to dine in Hall with Brocklebank. And pleasant and kindly he then showed himself: his severe and sarcastic humour did not come out disagreeably when he was with friends.

The great astronomer Professor Adams was often at my sister-in-law's house, and I came to know him well. Of such a man's merits in his own line (which was not mine) it does not belong to me to speak. But I must be allowed to bear testimony to his kindness, geniality, brightness in conversation, unaffected goodness and simplicity. I never knew anyone that I esteemed more. This kindness and goodness seem to have been his characteristics from youth; for an old friend of mine, Canon Underwood, who was his contemporary at St. John's College as an undergraduate, has often told me that he was just the same in his undergraduate days. Adams was well read and widely interested in many things, and a good talker. He did not disdain on occasion to be amusing. I do not think the following story about him has ever been printed. At the annual dinner of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, held at Clare College, A. Holmes was concluding the chief after

dinner speech about the proceedings of the Society for the past year. He pointed to the book of "the proceedings" lying on the table by him, and said, "But of all the proceedings of the Society this year, gentlemen, I think you will agree that one of the best is this philosophical proceeding" (waving his hand at us the assembled diners). "Illustrated with *plates*," said Adams in a loud whisper to his neighbour; and of course the remark became at once the property of the whole amused table.

F. A. Paley I knew and liked well: we had tastes in common. But I only came to know him in this my second Cambridge time; and I think he left Cambridge somewhere about the time I left it for Rugby.

B. H. Kennedy came back from Shrewsbury to be Greek Professor during this time: there were four candidates for the post, when he stood for it in 1867: Shilleto, Cope, Holmes, besides himself. Each read a lecture on a subject of his choice in the Arts' School. I went and heard them all. Probably the verdict of the Electors was not much determined by the *prælections*. Kennedy was the senior candidate; and his Shrewsbury fame and antecedents for scholarship justified his election. His lectures afterwards were good, I believe. But I was too busy with my own pupil-work to attend them. I used to meet him on the Classical Board: and now and then he came to the gatherings of our small Chess Club. I always thought him lively and entertaining. But once I had the misfortune to differ from

him about the translation of the Greek aorist; and we had a friendly correspondence on the matter. I worshipped (as I thought) idiomatic English in a way which he called heresy, refusing to eschew "have" and "has" altogether. Neither of us convinced the other: I hold to my heresy still. And in the R.V. of the New Testament I cannot help thinking that here and there the translation has suffered by a too Kennedian following of a rule about Greek aorists (excluding "has" and "have") which was devised to keep schoolboys straight. Something of this kind, I fancy, Dean Merivale must have felt, when, as I see in his Memoirs lately published, he retired from the Revisers' Committee because he thought them over zealous to *construe* rather than to *translate*.

With Prof. Cowell I soon became friendly: on tongues we were both keen. Many a walk had we together with talks on languages and the like. I knew something of Welsh, and he soon took eagerly to this, and outstripped me; he often spent a holiday in North Wales. With all his learning, he was a most modest, guileless and simple man, and always ready to help others. I never failed on my visits to Cambridge to look him up till the very last months of his life. One of our present Bishops, G. F. Browne, was frequently my companion at Eton Fives. And we both had a taste for angling: he having great opportunities among the Scotch salmon, where he played a giant of the Tay for I am afraid to say how many hours. Alas! the fish escaped, but was

thought to have been a seventy-pounder soon afterwards netted in those waters.

But I must not indulge myself in too many reminiscences of old Cambridge friends. Many remained there still, when I left Cambridge in 1871, accepting the offer of a Rugby mastership. Thus I returned to school-work among boys; which in some ways I preferred to University lecturing and "coaching." My next thirteen years were spent at Rugby. But few Christmas holidays passed without a visit to Cambridge relatives and a sight of Cambridge friends. And my final retirement to an Eastern Counties village has brought me again within fairly easy reach of my old University: its Library I continue to use: friends there I not unfrequently see. In 1902 a most delightful gathering there was of King's men at the old College. I sent to many some lines which I was stirred to make on the occasion: I subjoin them as an appendix to this chapter. But as for near contemporaries, they are indeed becoming few. Such however is the common lot: *singula de nobis anni praedantur euntes*. Horace tried to keep from their extorting grasp *poemata*. Perhaps in a way I do the like, having still a hankering after the all but obsolete luxury of Latin verses, and desiring *nec turpem senectam degere nec cithara carentem*.

APPENDIX.



KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

June 18th, 1902.

How did I like (you ask) the feast at King's?
 Why, Sir, so well that, as blithe Horace sings,
 I ne'er enjoy'd me better. Let my verse,
 Tho' lamely, strive its splendours to rehearse.

We gather'd us, a group of merry men
 Who rarely meet, about fourscore and ten :
 First muster'd at a meal unknown of yore,
 A post-meridian tea at half-past four.

What greetings, and what handshakes, and what joys
 Were there! We felt, I ween, again like boys,
 As round the Combination-room we stroll'd
 Recalling voices, faces, known of old,
 Recalling pranks and freaks forgotten quite,
 That sprang to memory on our mutual sight.

I of my younger friends encounter'd three,
 Who all with one accord reminded me
 How six times six years since we spent a day
 On th' old West river, angling, eels our prey.
 To think that thus a septuagenarian
 Suggested rambles fishful and riparian !
 But Provost Wotton and old Walton warrant
 The sport of contemplative angler-errant.

And now a truce to trifles ! Tea was done :
 Our noble Chapel summon'd us. Each one
 Thought his own thoughts. I, marking in the West
 The glowing window, gift of one at rest,
 My College mate, thought how young King's myself
 Deems an old fogey laid upon the shelf.
 Places stir memories. Think we but how long
 That roof hath hung above a kneeling throng.
 If in our Royal Saint's grand boon, that fane,
 We gain'd not all we might, we got, I trust, some gain.

But pass we hence, and to the Hall repair,
 Where King's men brave will feast on regal fare,
 And, like old Cato, deem it little harm
 Their virtues with the generous wine to warm.
 Who could that feast describe ? Not wreaths and myrtle
 Now deck our classic brows : but then there's turtle,
 Palates to please, there's flesh, and fowl, and fishes,
 And freedom, rightly call'd the best of dishes.
 Each knew his neighbour, and could freely speak
 " Words fraught with meaning to wise ears." The Greek
 Whereof in Pindar you may like to seek.

Varied professions there and varied lore
 Were present : Church, Law, Physic, Arms, and more.
 King's men their country serve in many a land ;
 Some came from Ind, one hail'd from Afric's strand.
 What each to 's neighbour said, I cannot tell :
 Nor, by our College saying, were it well
Amicos inter fidos dicta foras
Eliminare. Or in English, " Stories
 Told between friends blab not in public." So
 Grant dinner done, and onwards let us go.

When guests (as Homer more than once has said)
 Desire of drink and meat had now allay'd,
 They long'd to list between their modest sips
 To eloquence from wise and witty lips.
 In other words, as English fashion teaches,
 The time had come for after-dinner speeches.

The King's men, who with loyal ardour burn,
 First toast our gracious King. Then turn by turn
 Hosts pledge their guests, and guests their hosts. The ranks
 Of each by spokesmen fit return their thanks.

Upon our Provost fell a double stress
 Of speech ; yet made he not a double mess ;
 Rather compounded with discretion good
 A wholesome meal for every taste and mood.
 He struck right key and note. He's ever so :
 Such is his wont, as those who know him know.
 Generous, he gave his colleagues hearty praise :
 And one of these, my friend since early days,
 Hint at I must. A Centaur void of blame,
 Like Chiron once, he, now in worth the same,
 Has but one *vice*—in his official name.
 India a speaker gave, a prudent sage,
 Beyond all question *young* in middle age.
 A younger, girt of late with sword and belt,
 Spoke modestly of feats upon the veldt.
 One, whose name rhymes, as spelt (for which I thank it),
 With what his wit so well adorns, a banquet,
 Uprose, and full of more than legal knowledge,
 King's Counsel, told quaint stories of King's College,
 Mixed in a humorous sketch, beyond my pen,
 Of chum, horse, butter, bedmaker, and Ben.

Not least impressive flow'd kind words and grave
 From one to whom nigh fourscore winters gave
 Authority. He told us of a King's
 Long past : but even then at noble things
 Aim'd Eton's sons. A boat-flag high they bore
 Whose motto urged them ever to the fore
 "With kingly might." (The Greek he gave : 'tis easy
 To spot it in our old *Poetae Graeci*.)
 Our dear good greybeard spake of new K.C.
 With hope. His son¹ he has bequeathed to be
 One of her best, a Daniel ; who—but hold !
 I spare his blushes, leave his praise untold.

¹ The present Provost.

Well, speeches ended,—all that's good must end—
 Again "the parlour" claim'd us. Friend with friend
 Chatted and moved about peripatetic.
 Their talk all cheerful, some no doubt æsthetic;
 While some quadrangularly sat to play
 With parallelograms illumined gay.
 With friends conversing friends forgot all time;
 Clocks clang'd unheeded past the midnight chime
 Ere some retired, and found, without much sorrow,
 That unawares to-day was now to-morrow.

Thus did we spend harmonious and in tune
 Without a jar that eighteenth day of June:
 A day whose deeds once thrill'd all England through
 The ever-glorious day of Waterloo.
 Sons like their grandsires England still can bear,
 Who for their country fight and fall and dare.
 And 'mid much change to new and better things
 May King's men keep the legend of old King's
 Unchanged, and ever "with a kingly might"
 Lead on the van for God, and truth, and right,
 And tempering strength with wisdom from above
 Fulfil the royal law of mutual love!



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